Murder in Academe: The Demise of American Education

Literary Women from Austen to Plath

Saturday Review

75c

March 20, 1976

Special Section:

The Traveler's New World

...and how to get around in it

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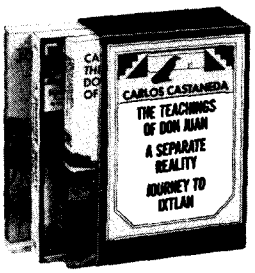

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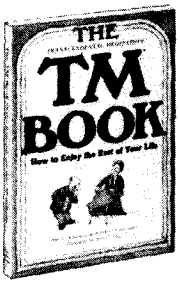

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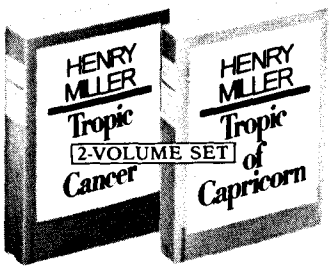

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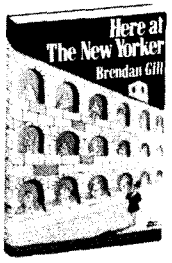

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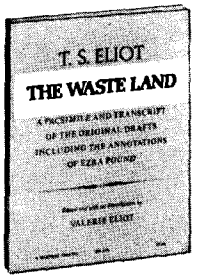

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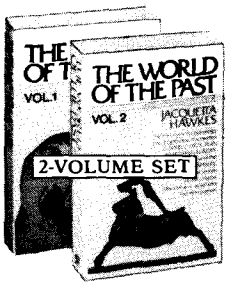

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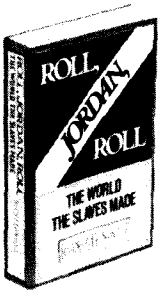

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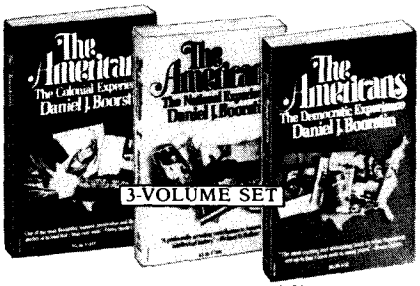

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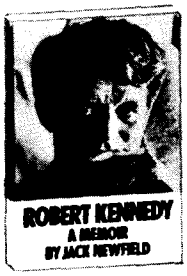

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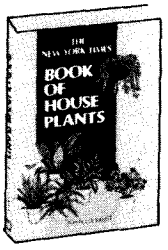

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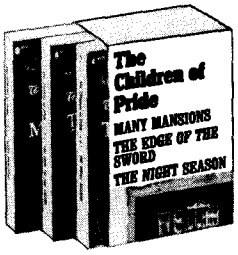

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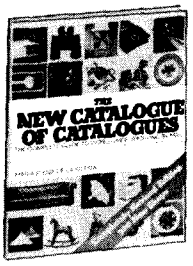

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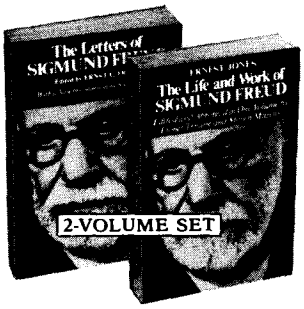

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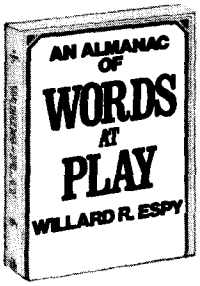

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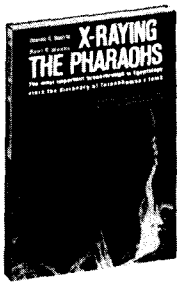

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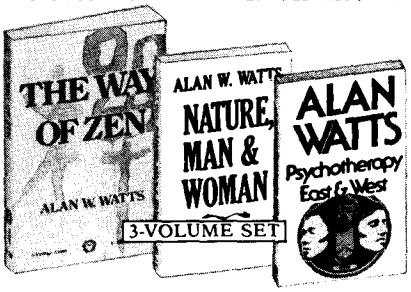

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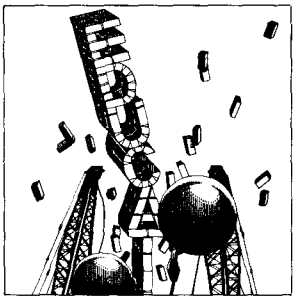

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Literacy, plain or visual

A very bright man of our acquaintance, a professor of physics and engineering who is making important technological contributions toward an unlimited supply of energy for the world, is a reader of *The New Yorker*. He finds the writing it publishes engrossing, superb, etc, but claims he could not read it but for the drawings and advertising illustrations that relieve its pages.

This is by way of bringing up the subject of "visual literacy," which often starts an argument. There are those who say it is a buzzword to support the peddling of audiovisual stuff to the schools. As it happens, we are a manufacturer of equipment and raw stock for audiovisuals. When visual images find uses, we can pay salaries and dividends. But visual images don't find uses just because we promote a buzzword. These uses have been developed by people whose only business is the education of the young.

Not so long ago as cultural history goes, one went to a palace or a church to see a vivid visual image. When the printed word became cheap, ordinary people learned to read words. The printed word became a model for expression in one's own words. Now we are in a time when the flood of visual imagery seems to wash away the accurate and sensitive use of words. For better or worse, one discovers now at a very tender age that images are easier to read than words.

Instead of deploring that fact, say the advocates of teaching visual literacy in the schools, let us use it to promote the articulate use of words. They propose to employ the creating, reading, and discussion of visual images for irrigation, not washout. Many classroom techniques toward that end are now available. Teachers can learn about them in detail by making interest known to J. L. Debes, Department 55S, Kodak, Rochester, N.Y. 14650.

If you have read this far, you deserve compliments on your persistence. You are, we suspect, one of a small minority of readers of this magazine. Most people abandon an unillustrated bare stream of words like this. We don't blame them. There are too many other rewarding attractions for the eye and, through it, the mind.

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Malpractice—With or Without Insurance

Several years ago, when physicians first began to complain about the high cost of malpractice insurance, Dr. Paul Dudley White, the famed cardiologist, said that the surest way to cut down on that cost would be by cutting down on malpractice itself.

Most responsible physicians today would agree with that statement. They don't believe that every lawsuit brought against doctors is trumped up or exaggerated. They know that malpractice is not always a fiction concocted by unscrupulous lawyers and grasping patients. They know, too, that no amount of money can possibly compensate a patient who has been disabled by "iatrogenic" (doctor-induced) infirmities.

In any case, the main issue is not malpractice insurance but malpractice itself.

The responsible physician thinks it shocking, for example, that general practitioners are legally permitted to perform complicated and dangerous surgery—or even minor surgery, for that matter. It has been estimated that as many as one-third of all operations in the United States are carried out by doctors who have not earned advanced degrees in surgery. Just as shocking is the large percentage of operations carried out by fully accredited surgeons that should never have been performed. From *The New York Times*, which recently published a remarkable series of articles on incompetence in the practice of medicine, and from other sources, have come some striking statistics about unnecessary surgery. Of the 787,000 hysterectomy operations performed in the United States last year, about 260,000 were believed to be unnecessary. Of 724,000 tonsillectomies, some 500,000 were said to be without medical justification. The total number of non-essential operations in all categories last year has been estimated at approximately 2 million. Of this total, 11,900 resulted in deaths.

A two-year study under the auspices of the National Academy of Sciences has raised serious questions about the general use of antibiotics. Since antibiotics can have serious side effects, including bone-marrow depression and consequent anemia, the prescription of such drugs requires pinpoint diagnosis and heroic restraint. Yet, as long ago as 1962, the Commission in Professional and Hospital Activities undertook a study of 86,000 hospital patients and concluded that only 50 percent of people given antibiotics actually needed those drugs.

The same study severely criticized the use of antibiotics for preventative or prophylactic purposes. Such use, the report asserted, not only had no scientific justification but also was dangerous and expensive.

Neither is there any scientific evidence showing that antibiotics are effective against cold symptoms. Yet, millions of Americans each year are directed by their doctors to take such pills for colds—despite the fact that the hazards of antibiotics can be far more serious than the hazards of the "illness" they are supposed to "cure."

A related criticism is that some patients are instructed to take powerful medicines, such as penicillin or pain-suppressants or even sleep-inducing pills, without having been tested for allergic reactions to those drugs.

HERE, HOWEVER, it is important to emphasize that many physicians are only yielding to pressure by their patients when they write prescriptions for antibiotics and other exotic drugs. Indeed, some patients will change doctors if they are not given elaborate prescriptions. They seem to believe their doctor hasn't taken them seriously unless they have a little slip in their hand attesting to the importance of their illness. The late Emanuel Libman, a renowned diagnostician, used to advise medical students not to disappoint patients who expected prescriptions. "Make them feel good," he would say. "Give them their money's worth. Let them go away clutching your prescription. But, ladies and gentlemen," he admonished, "even if you can't be sure that the prescription you write will do any good, I beg you to be absolutely certain it will do no harm."

Obviously, there are times when it is imperative that the doctor prescribe antibiotics or cortisone or other powerful drugs. As such times, science is triumphant and lives are saved. But the widespread administration of such drugs without full **justification** or a competent balancing of risks is a serious abuse of medical authority as well as a potent factor in the sky-high increase of malpractice insurance.

The more knowledge possessed by the practitioner about the nature of the human body and the way it works, the more hesitant that doctor is to intervene. One of the greatest assets of any society is the doctor who can accurately identify that very tiny percentage—perhaps not more than 3 or 4 percent—of patients coming to his or her office genuinely in need of medical intervention, and who can make the remaining 96 or 97 percent feel comfortable about the fact that their bodies are quite capable of handling a particular problem without outside prodding or help. N.C.

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Letters From Readers

Diva Demurs

I was interested in Schuyler Chapin's article ("The Met and I," February 7).

I was especially interested to hear of "the efforts" that "had been made to persuade" me to return to the Metropolitan Opera, since, as of this writing, no representative of that organization has so much as approached me regarding the possibility of negotiating a new contract.

Renata Tebaldi
New York, N.Y.

Schuyler Chapin replies: May I say that we did indeed try to persuade Renata Tebaldi to return to the Metropolitan, most recently to join us last spring for the trip to Japan, where she would sing Mimi in *La Bohème* with Luciano Pavarotti as her Rodolfo. Word was given to me that she was unavailable. I was very sorry.

Spelling Lesson

. . . Isn't it ironical that on the same page that is given over to the question of nicety in pronunciation (*Light Refractions*, January 24) your cartoonist's apparent ignorance of Italian nullifies what is meant to be a hilarious remark?—"You know, Guiliano, sometimes I worry about being dismissed as a mere Renaissance man."

Perhaps he should have been dismissed—just dismissed. To round out Mr. Middleton's lesson, *Guiliano* is pronounced *Goo*liano and not *Joo*liano as is evidently meant. For the name *Julian* in Italian is *Giuliano*; there is no Guiliano, as a first name. The English *w* is rendered by *gu*, as in Guglielmo, for William; the English *j* is rendered by *gi* as in Giuliano, Giuseppe, Giosuè, and so forth. End of lesson.

Luke M. Ciampi
Andover, Mass.

Erratum Detected

Judith Crist committed a serious error in a recent column ("Mel's Smart Godson," January 24) in misspelling the name "Sigerson" as "Sigirson." The name is derived from Holmes's famous remark, "You may have read of the remarkable explorations of a Norwegian named Sigerson," in *The Adventure of the Empty House*. Sherlockian scholars and followers are aware of the prodigious amount of learned commentary and other literature unleashed by that statement.

I applaud Mrs. Crist's favorable review of the film; however, as one means of atonement, you might institute a regular biweekly column or department devoted exclusively to Holmes material.

Walter G. Van Dorn
Boston, Mass.

Sense or Nonsense

. . . In the first paragraph of his column (*Diversions*, January 24), Leo Rosten cites the following lines as "this doggerel" written in reference to the future King George IV: "In the course of one revolving moon,/Jockey, actor, coachman, and buffoon." Taken out of context and adapted as these lines are, they may indeed be doggerel, but originally they came from one of the finest satiric works in English literature, John Dryden's *Absalom and Achitophel*. The lines cited, in their original form, are part of the famous Zimri portrait in the poem referring to the second Duke of Buckingham, and they read as follows: "But, in the course of one revolving Moon,/Was Chymist, Fidler, States-Man, and Buffoon." . . . Because Dryden is little regarded by moderns, let's give him credit where credit is due.

John A. Stoler
San Antonio, Tex.

Full Disclosure

Would it have been terribly demeaning for Karl Meyer in his review of "The Adams Chronicles" ("A Pride of Adamses," January 24) to identify "an oil company" as Atlantic Richfield? He felt no apparent compunction about identifying the other two grantors. Regarding his statement "the panoply of funding bodies may have discouraged iconoclasm," it would be interesting to have his evaluation of the debilitating influence that Texaco's sponsorship has had on the performances of the Metropolitan Opera Company. Why can't we show gratitude for the assistance that for-profit corporations render us when they grant funds to widen our cultural experiences? . . .

Robert H. Nelson
Bay City, Mich.

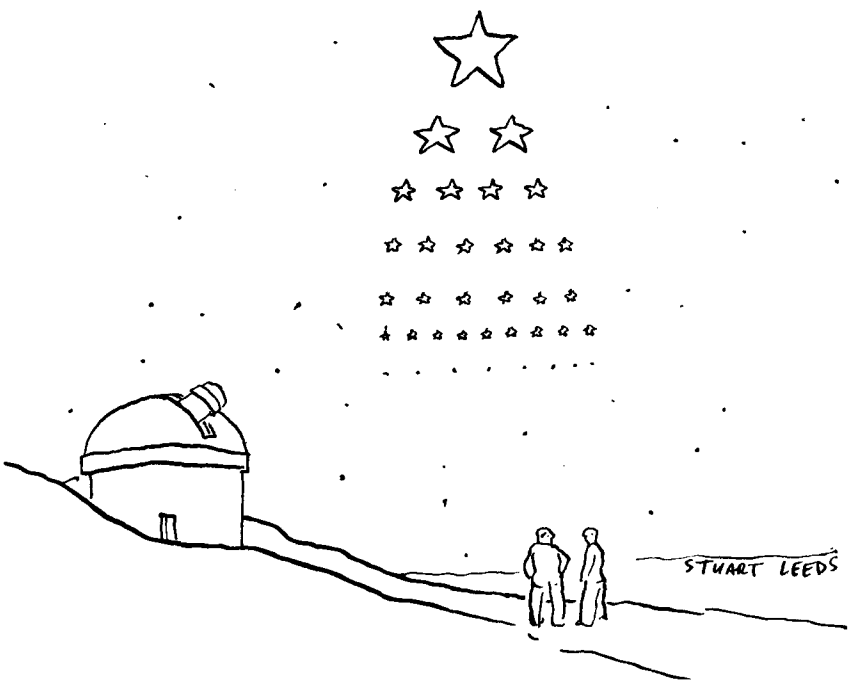
Colonial Cocktails

Your World Travel issue contains an article by Horace Sutton with a description of Fraunces Tavern ("Washington in New York," January 10). At the very end of this article, Mr. Sutton writes about a special cocktail that will be served during the Bicentennial year and recalls the ghost of George Washington.

Unfortunately, Mr. Sutton does not give the proportions for the ingredients of this cocktail. If Mr. Sutton would supply these, I would enjoy trying this special Bicentennial cocktail.

Robert S. Seaton
Porterville, Calif.

Horace Sutton replies: Mix one ounce of gin, one ounce of Myers's Jamaican rum, one ounce of fresh lemon juice, two teaspoons of sugar. Add a dash of Cointreau after mixing. To invoke the ghost of Washington, drink two and concentrate.



"Dr. Orlando is having his eyes tested."

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World Progress Report

On the Shady Side

While government seems fascinated by big schemes to increase the nation's energy supply, little ideas to help conserve whatever energy we have are surfacing here and there. A recent Illinois Institute of Technology study, for example, suggests that as much as 21 cents of every residential air-conditioning dollar might be saved by a ubiquitous item: the window shade.

According to two IIT researchers, Rollin G. Dix and Zalman Lavan, the standard light-color, medium-weight, opaque or translucent roller shade, with no more than a quarter-inch of clearance between shade and window frame, admits about 45 percent less heat than does an unshaded window. Better still, their report says, would be shades mounted on the outside of the window, but these are not yet generally available. Best of all, however, would be shades sealed at the edges in a channel and backed with reflective foil. The study, which was sponsored by the Window Shade Manufacturers Association, found that shades' chief competitors, venetian blinds and drapes, reduced heat gain by only 18 to 33 percent. The IIT investigators add this observation: heat-proofing the windows not only cuts the need for air-conditioning in the summer but also reduces a house's heat loss in winter, saving as much as 12 percent of the heating bill.

Look, Ma, No Cavities!

Despite the best efforts of dentists and dentifrice manufacturers, the formation of caries in the teeth—commonly known as "cavities"—and the drilling and filling they entail are a fact of life for most people. Sweet relief from this semi-annual agony may be in sight, however, if a recent development by a dental-research team at Manchester University in England continues to perform as well as it has in early tests.

The seemingly miraculous "tooth-saver" is a mouthwash saturated with calcium. In contact with the slightest bit of free calcium, such as exists at the site of tooth decay, the calcium in the mouthwash crystallizes and seals the decaying surface. The renewed enamel then makes the tooth impervious to the bacteria-produced acids that dig holes in the teeth. Because healthy teeth have no loose calcium, the mouthwash does not affect them.

So far tests have been carried out on extracted teeth and on groups of schoolchildren who have volunteered to rinse their mouths for two minutes every day with the calcium-saturated solution. In both cases, the University of Manchester team reports, decay gradually disappears in a period of weeks.

The doctors caution, however, that several years of continued testing will be necessary. Before commercial production of their mouthwash can be permitted, they must determine whether these desirable results persist and whether there are harmful side effects.

The Rights of Man

If there is any truth to the cynical canard that most Americans would sell their civil liberties cheaply if they knew what they were, their benightedness isn't due to any lack of effort on the part of the American Civil Liberties Union. The litigious champion of citizens' rights usually speaks up in court, in the convoluted and arcane tongue understood in such precincts. Recently, however, the ACLU has produced a series of paperback primers in simple English thoroughly explaining the legal situations of various groups whose rights are often violated. The ACLU's hope, according to the introduction in each volume, "is that Americans informed of their rights will be encouraged to use them."

Published by Avon Books, the series so far includes individual volumes on the rights of: women, servicemen, mental patients, prisoners, reporters, students, teachers, suspects, the poor, and hospital patients. Evidently, the 450,000 copies from the series in circulation so far have had significant impact. In Texas a prisoner cited *The Rights of Prisoners* to convince his jailers that they ought to stop censoring the magazines in his mail. A model bill of rights, including "informed participation" in medical-care decisions and access to medical records, was printed in *The Rights of Hospital Patients*. It has become the basis of pending legislation in five states. In Ohio a court has ruled that *The Rights of Prisoners* must be available to all inmates of the state's prisons. The ACLU answers requests from prisoners with free copies.

In the works are future volumes regarding the elderly, aliens, lawyers and clients, union members, and public servants. Although the series is not scoring well for Avon—one-third of the copies have been distributed by the ACLU directly—publisher Peter Mayer of Avon promises, "I'd go on with the series another 35 years if necessary."

ANTHONY WOLFF

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Curmudgeon-at-Large

by Cleveland Amory

One of the truly great miseries of this world, one you can always count on never to get any better, is airplane coffee. It does not matter when you try it—right away, after you're up, before your meal, with your meal, after your meal, or even just before you land—it is always, repeat *always*, awful. For many years I entertained the theory that it is not coffee at all—that it is old, cold, chocolate bouillon. You can never, repeat *never*, get it hot. The best you can hope for is luke.

For many years, too, I have wondered where the airlines get their coffee. Now I think it is probably best that we do not know. My guess, though, would be deep in the Mississippi Braniff Delta. For many years, too, I have wondered how, after they got their coffee, they—well, made it. Again, I suppose it is best that we do not know. I believe, however, that it is somewhere in the jet engines. Many times I have tasted diesel fuel.

But now neither you nor I need wonder any longer. Because the other day, on a flight from the coast, an airline stewardess not only explained to me how she made the coffee; she actually showed me. She took a package of freeze-dried coffee—which, incidentally, had no brand name on it, just the name of the airline—and she put it in something, and then she pressed a button marked "Brew." "When the 'Brew' light goes out," she told me, "then we know the coffee is done." She sighed. "But it's always still gunky in the bottom," she said; "so we have to stir it."

She asked me if I wanted a cup. I asked her if she was kidding.

POST HASTE DEPT.—as found by Victoria Dunn of Philadelphia, in a Letter to the Editor of the Frankford *News Gleaner*:

Some people forget that our mails go through rain, sleet, ice, and snow as well as scorching hot temperatures. The carrier even experiences being bitten by dogs, which causes him undue rest.

Particularly, we presume, in the seat-of-the-pants area.

ENTERTAINMENT NOTE—as passed in by Al Kaeppel of Houston, Tex., who saw it in the Houston *Post*:

Guests ripped roofs from buildings, swept automobiles from highways and people from sidewalks. . . .

Well, maybe it was a rotten party and they were damned sore.

"Your lecture agent just called. Your whole schedule has been revised. It seems you've lost your charisma since the FBI destroyed their dossier on you."

OLD GUARD DEPT.—as unearthed by Willard Skidmore, of Delmar, N. Y., in the *Knickerbocker News*:

Of course it's not all roses. Being on time, doing a day's work, keeping appointments, all that is described in today's phrase, "getting your head together." But a certain satisfaction attends these accomplishments and simultaneously brings about a scorn for the slightly younger, who are still freckles.

We'd say he's slightly over the hill.

CLASS ADVERTISING DEPT.—as turned up by Carl Allen, of San Diego State University, in the *Wall Street Journal*:

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We are seeking for a client a pubic shell with a minimum of 200 shareholders.

Have you tried the Playboy Club?

STAR WANTED DEPT.—as looked for by Marlene Lakin, of Toronto, in the Toronto *Star*:

It seems that Uncle Carl Gustaf Ayelsson left her $670 in his will, but the court hasn't been able to trace that shrinking violet whose most famous quote, delivered in soft, sexy sibilants, is supposed to have been: "I vant to be alone."

Just so long as she didn't whisper that "V."

CORRECTION PLEASE—as spotted by Beth Andrews of Cherry Hill, N. J., in the *Philadelphia Inquirer*:

Contrary to a report that appeared in yesterday's column in some editions of the *Inquirer*, the new drug treatment at the hospital of the University of Pennsylvania could eliminate the need for "gallstone surgery," not "gasoline survey."

It's an understandable mistake; it's the breakthrough that first comes to mind.

HELP WANTED—as seen by Nancy Levin of Port Orchard, Wash., in the Seattle *Times*:

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Challenging opportunity for electrical engineer/programmer with BSEE and minimum 5 years experience with emphasis in programming. Responsibilities will include use of micro-processors in software and hardware development of new products.

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Tate Gallery, London

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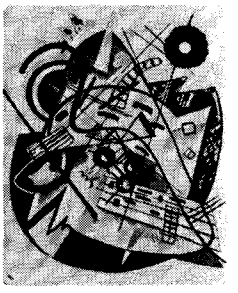
The Cheat
Louvre, Paris

1200. DEGAS
Two Dancers on the Stage
Courtauld Inst., London

518. VERMEER
The Milkmaid
Rijksmuseum, Amsterdam

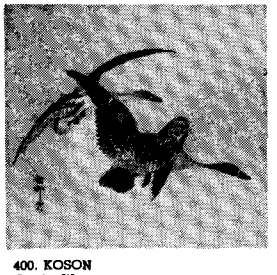
1246. MONET
Boats on the Beach
Jeu de Paume, Paris



1387. KANDINSKY
The White Dot
Kunsthalle, Hamburg

1392. MAGRITTE
The Voice of Space
Guggenheim, N.Y.

1032. TOULOUSE-LAUTREC
Poster—Jane Avril, 1893



400. KOSON
On the Wing
Bibliotheque Nat'l., Paris

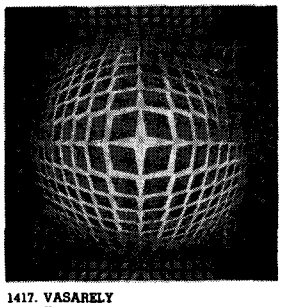
1204. FOUJITA
Cafe
Musee d'Art Moderne, Paris

809. HOMER
Breezing Up
Nat'l Gallery, Wash., D.C.

1295. PICASSO
Guernica
Mus. Mod. Art, N.Y

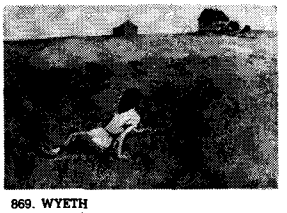
1239. MILLET
The Gleaners
Louvre, Paris

520. REMBRANDT
Night Watch
Rijksmuseum, Amsterdam

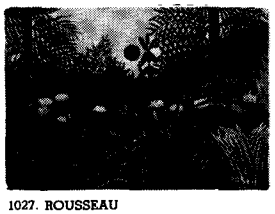


1417. VASARELY
Vega-Kontosh
Coll. of the Artist

1249. VAN GOGH
Farmer in the Field
Mus. Fine Arts, Boston

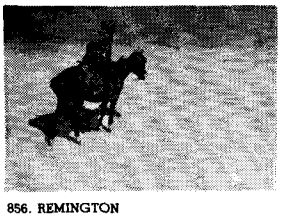


869. WYETH
Christina's World
Mus. Mod. Art, N.Y.



1027. ROUSSEAU
The Virgin Forest
Kunstmuseum, Basel

1392. FANTIN-LATOUR
Still Life with Fruit and Flowers
Jeu de Paume, Paris



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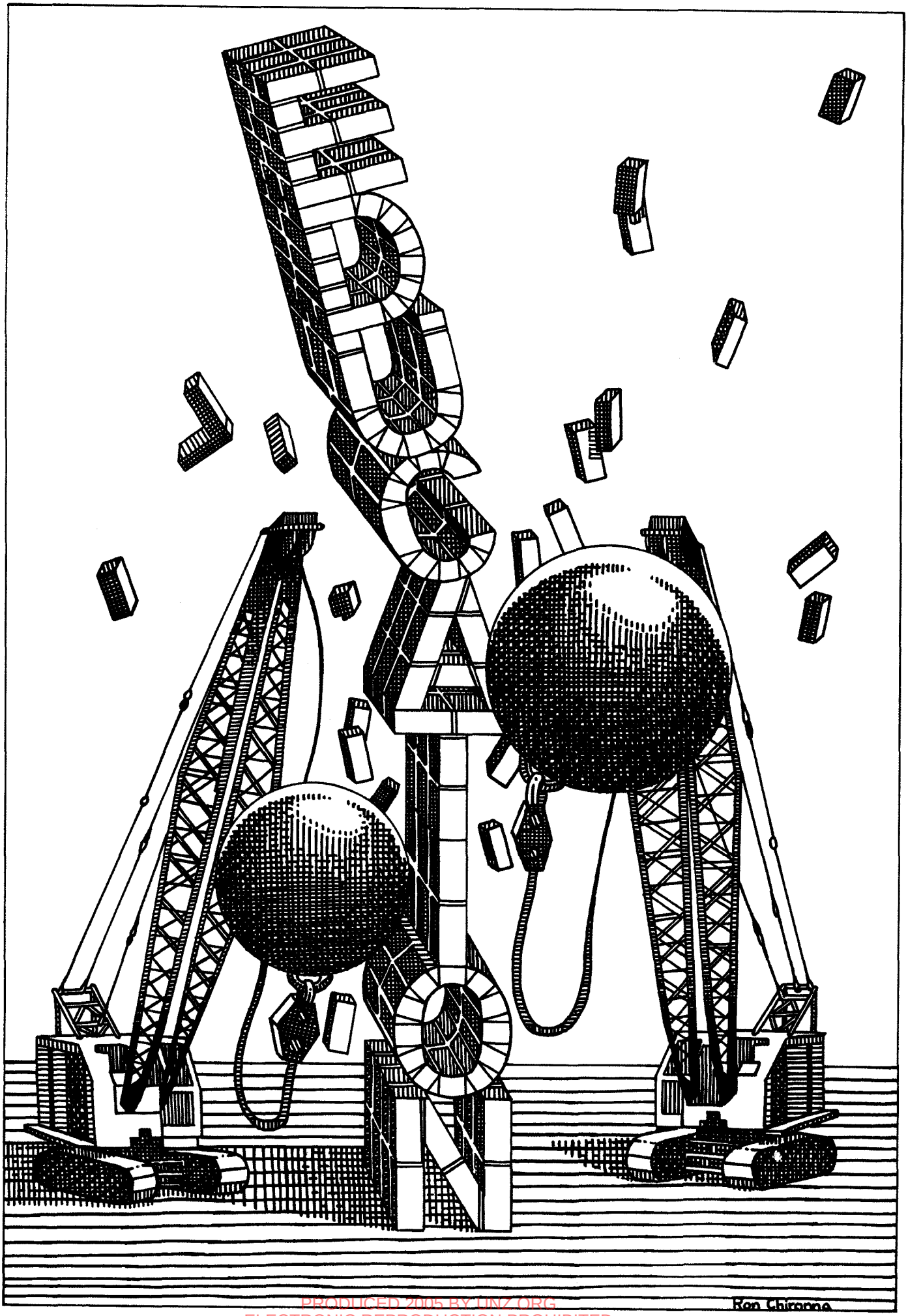

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Murder in Academe: The Demise of Education

Attacked from the right and the left, and abandoned by political moderates, education is in a decline that threatens the survival of American democracy.

by Fred M. Hechinger

America is in headlong retreat from its commitment to education. Political confusion and economic uncertainty have shaken the people's faith in education as the key to financial and social success. This retreat ought to be the most pertinent issue in any examination of the country's condition in its Bicentennial year. At stake is nothing less than the survival of American democracy.

Let us have no illusions about an American future with declining confidence in universal education and diminished access to higher learning. A slowdown in the escalator of upward mobility constitutes a break with the most fundamental American ideals. The consequence will be a stratified, classbound society ruled by a self-perpetuating power elite of economic and social privilege. It would be the end of the road that was opened by Thomas Jefferson when he called for a new aristocracy of talent to replace the old aristocracy of inherited power.

The threat of such a course is all the more serious because it is virtually universally ignored. None of those who are monitoring the nation's problems are paying attention to the far-reaching implications of the retreat from education. Few are even aware that such a retreat is actually in progress. Education's own leaders are so absorbed—understandably perhaps—in the battle for their institutions' short-term survival that they lack the energy, even if they had the vision, to warn about the greater danger ahead.

When President Ford outlined emergency plans for the possibility of New York City's fiscal default, he promised federal action to maintain "essential services," such as police and fire protection. Education was absent from such plans. Although New York's schools have suffered far more severe cutbacks than has any other municipal service, at no point has the public responded with the kind of angry protest that it raised against similar reductions of other services. The curtailment of garbage collections was viewed as an unbearable threat to the city's life; the reduction of elementary-school instruction went unchallenged. Children saw as many as eight teachers pulled out from under them in one single term.

The New York experience is cited here only because it is the most visible example of a national trend. Education did not figure at all in President Ford's latest State of the Union address. In 1960 only 11 percent of all school bond issues were voted down; last year the negative votes rose to 54 percent, even though the recession had undoubtedly already reduced the number and size of bond issues submitted to the voters. The chancellor of one of the country's major state-university systems said recently: "A certain callousness has taken over. Unless we're really bleeding, the politicians don't even look up from their desks."

What makes the situation so serious is that education, caught in an unprecedented pincer attack, is under siege from two politically opposite directions. Conservatives who never really liked universal education and are particularly cool toward the massive expansion of college enrollments have been joined by the political left, which views education as an evil tool of capitalism.

In the past, when education had to ward off only the attacks from the reactionary right, the consequences were confined to occasional short-term setbacks. The expansive forward thrust was never deflected for long. Popular faith in each generation's capacity to do better than its predecessor was inseparably linked to education as, in Horace Mann's words, the "great equalizer" and society's "balance wheel." To be sure, there were recurrent complaints like those voiced in an editorial in *The National Gazette*, which, in 1830, opposed public financing of schools on the grounds that such expenditures would be resented by affluent citizens who would be made to feel that "they had toiled for the benefit of other families than their own." Fortunately, such regressive views were out of touch with the main currents of American thought. The majority of Americans were in agreement with John Dewey's vision of America as an "intentionally progressive society," and they saw education as the key to progress.

During the ideological confusion of the Sixties, education first began to draw fire from the radical left. For the first time a new brand of intellectual revolutionaries looked on state-financed mass education as the major obstacle to their dreams of dismantling the political system. Revisionist ideologues, such as Edgar Z. Friedenberg and John Holt, lashed out against what they considered the coercive aspects of universal and compulsory schooling. They denounced the schools for Americanizing diverse ethnic groups and fitting them into an essentially middle-class socioeconomic pattern or, as they would put it, mold. Revisionist researchers, such as Christopher Jencks, measured the existing American society against their own ideals of the socialist state in which they expected all distinctions between affluence and poverty to vanish. Taking that blueprint as the yardstick, they proclaimed American education's failure in the war against poverty and economic inequality.

Infected with the heady spirit of the era, more moderate critics, who correctly identified and opposed the schools' real shortcomings, also allowed their rhetoric to drift toward sweeping condemnation, calling American schools joyless, autocratic, and oppressive. Many classrooms deserved these descriptions, but, by comparison with other schools throughout

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Fred M. Hechinger is co-author, with his wife Grace, of the recently published book Growing Up in America, *a social history of the United States viewed through the perspective of education.*

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the world, the all-inclusive image of a failed system was deceptive. It reinforced the destructive call for the "deschooling" of America, made popular by the neo-Marxist pamphleteering of Ivan Illich.

Had the decade of such revolutionary dilettantism been followed by a new era of prosperity and expansive optimism, the irrational interlude would have done little harm. But when the Seventies, after the disaster of Watergate, sank into the gloom of recession, unemployment, and little or no economic growth, the festering doubts about education as a force for social progress created an environment in which the anti-education and anti-intellectual virus flourished.

Hadn't some sociologists from such bastions as Harvard proclaimed education's failure to deliver the promised goods of economic equality and collective happiness? Hadn't respected think tanks, particularly those under contract to the Nixon administration, reported that all those strength-through-learning Great Society programs had come to naught? Hadn't Project Headstart, which not long ago was expected to wipe out the handicaps imposed on youngsters by decades of discrimination and neglect, fallen short of its promise? Never mind that none of these programs had been given either the funds or the time which their sponsors had always considered essential. With money suddenly even scarcer and the ax poised, all these doubts added up to a powerfully persuasive argument against the continuing support of education.

The immediately visible results of the recession did the rest. A college diploma and even a PhD no longer guaranteed a job, certainly not a position commensurate with the academic credentials. Only a few years ago, the industrial recruiters often outnumbered the graduating seniors on college campuses; during the turbulent Sixties, moreover, these very recruiters, viewed by dissident students as the handmaidens of the military-industrial complex, had been hooted off the campuses; now the recruiters have largely disappeared.

Gloomy forecasts predicted that by the decade's end hundreds of thousands of PhD recipients would have to take jobs considerably below their academic station, displacing equal numbers of those with only bachelors' degrees, who in turn would bump job-seeking high-school graduates. The 1975 starting salaries for male college graduates in industry dropped sharply. As a result, so did the "return on the college investment" projected over a graduate's future working years—from an estimated 11 to 12 percent in 1969 to only 7 to 8 percent five years later. Between the class of 1958 and that of 1972, the proportion of new graduates holding non-professional, non-managerial jobs rose by 15 and 20 percent, respectively, for men and women, according to a study by Richard Freeman and Herbert Hollomon of the Center for Policy Alternatives at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. At each level, then, education seemed no longer to be delivering the goods.

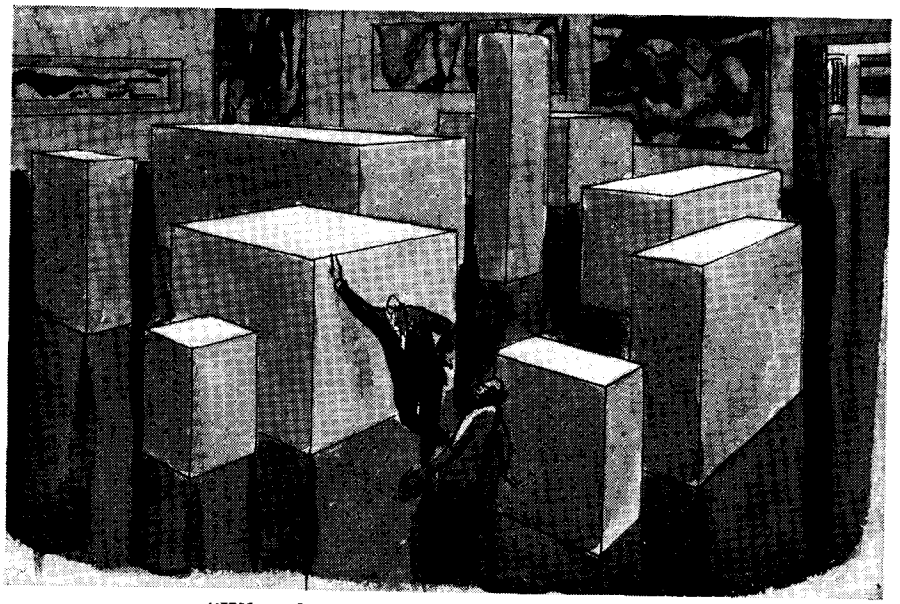
The educational image-builders were not without blame. Throughout the expansive years, they had indeed over-advertised the material rewards of college. Posters in buses and subways gave prospective students precise estimates of hard cash that would come their way. Dropping out was translated into nothing more than dollar losses. It is hardly surprising that such simplistic definitions of education's value invited an equally simplistic reaction: when the dollar value of education declined in a shaken job market, education itself took a nose dive in the public's esteem.

A question that today greets a speaker on any educational topic is almost invariably: "Aren't we sending too many people to college?" The unmistakable implication is that one should not waste the time and money when college can't deliver a lucrative job and a promising career.

Forgotten, amid such purely materialistic assessments, is the fact that young people have always gone to college for a variety of reasons, including getting a better perspective on themselves and the world, and doing so in the company of other post-adolescents. "Ten years after they leave college," says Harold Howe II, the Ford Foundation's vice-president for education and a former U.S. commissioner of education, "a very high proportion of them will find themselves doing a job they never prepared themselves for in high school or college.

"To suggest that such decisions might best be reached by telling youngsters and their parents that the return on the investment they make in a college education has declined from 11 percent in 1969 to 8 percent in 1974," Howe adds, "is at best a questionable practice. But if we are going to do it, we ought to tell them at the same time that the return from money spent on college is still much larger than if it were invested in life insurance, savings banks, or the stock market."

Commissions headed by sociologists and other prestigious opinion-makers have recently been pounding away at the theme: how best to reduce the number of years of compulsory schooling. Ironically, less than a decade ago, and with the advice and consent of some of the same experts, the pressure was toward the extension of public education from 12 to 14 years, to include not only high school but also two years of college. Today, the wind is blowing in the opposite direction. The fashionable advice is to let youngsters cut short their formal



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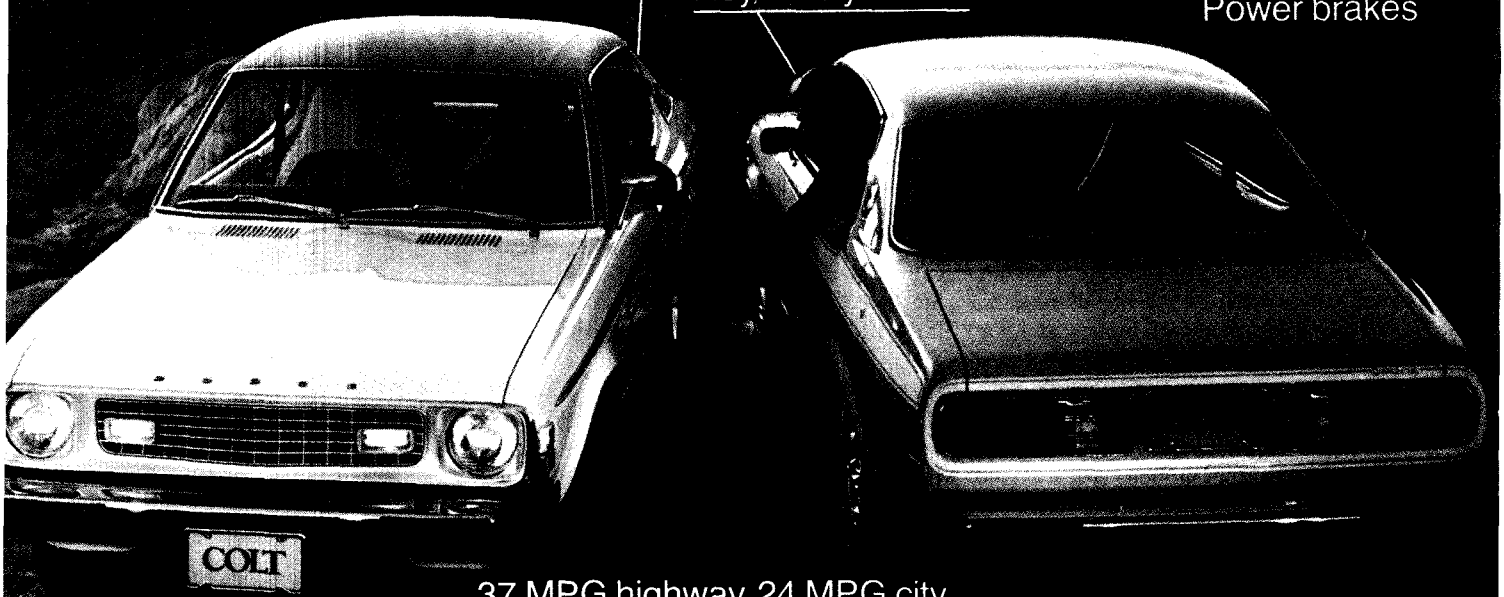

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education, to enter into the world of work at an earlier age, to make up their minds about their future careers sooner, and to become engaged in specialized, rather than general, education.

The Nixon administration's educational spokesmen began to push the newly reactivated concept of "career education." Children, from elementary school onward, were to be encouraged to view their school days with an eye on career choices. Books were published, guidelines were written, teacher workshops were held. Federal appropriations for the purpose rose from $9 million in 1971 to $61 million by 1974, at which time one-third of the nation's 17,000 school districts included career education in their operations.

Meanwhile, higher-education costs skyrocketed. At leading private colleges, the annual bill for tuition and board now exceeds $6,000. Stanford University recently warned future applicants that non-scholarship students for the four undergraduate years would be charged about $30,000. The State University of New York is expected to raise its tuition to nearly $1,000 some time this year.

Free tuition at New York's City University has come under heavy attack as a fiscally untenable concept. Politicians throughout the country, led by the President himself, have singled out the 128-year freedom from tuition, which had until recently been hailed as a shining example of sound social policy, as exhibit A in the case against New York's fiscal irresponsibility. All this despite the fact that the amount of money at issue is minuscule in an institution that serves mainly indigent students who would continue to be entitled to scholarships. What is at issue is the *new* principle—to make sure that nobody gets a free educational ride. This is the exact opposite of the principle that used to guide American thinking: let the greatest possible number benefit from education.

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 54

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer on page 23.

J PYFJZ QEYT EWDR PUEZP ZUCAU ZJR YUT UEY JCF SDEZP.

—E. UTWFR

If free tuition is only a minor skirmish on the sidelines, the impact of steadily rising tuition on what might be called the heartland of the population—the working and lower-middle class—is a matter for serious concern. It should be seen as a warning that the retreat from the educational commitment is turning into a rout.

When even low-cost public institutions require an annual investment for tuition, room, and board approaching $3,000 for one child in college, the family in the $10,000-to-$15,000 income bracket is on the point of being squeezed out. Attendance at the elite colleges will become virtually impossible for youths from such homes. Thus, only a select few from the poverty level and the very rich will find it possible to attend. Higher education, which has scored significant triumphs in assuring upward mobility and preventing the stratification of American society, is in danger of being forced to move in the opposite direction—to restratify America.

The issues can be easily identified, along with the political consequences that will have to be faced if the present regression is not halted. These are the major areas of concern:

UNIVERSALITY OF SCHOOLING. Under a variety of guises, pressure has been increasing to reduce the number of years of compulsory education. From the left the pressure has been generated primarily by claims that compulsory education is a form of oppression by the State, depriving children of their "right" not to go to school. (It is interesting to recall that a conservative Supreme Court in 1918 struck down a law prohibiting child labor on very similar grounds—the protection of the children's "right" to work.) From the right, and increasingly from the center as well, the pressure has been generated by a vague sense that the "work ethic" needs shoring up, and the trend has been helped along by educators who want to get rid of difficult students.

A strong case can be made for encouraging some students to combine school and work, in the hope that the two activities will reinforce each other. Rigid insistence on a fixed number of school years for all is neither good sense nor good pedagogy. Much can be said for California's new plan to let students leave school early, provided they are able to pass a proficiency examination.

What is disturbing is the growing advocacy by many divergent political, economic, and educational authorities of let-

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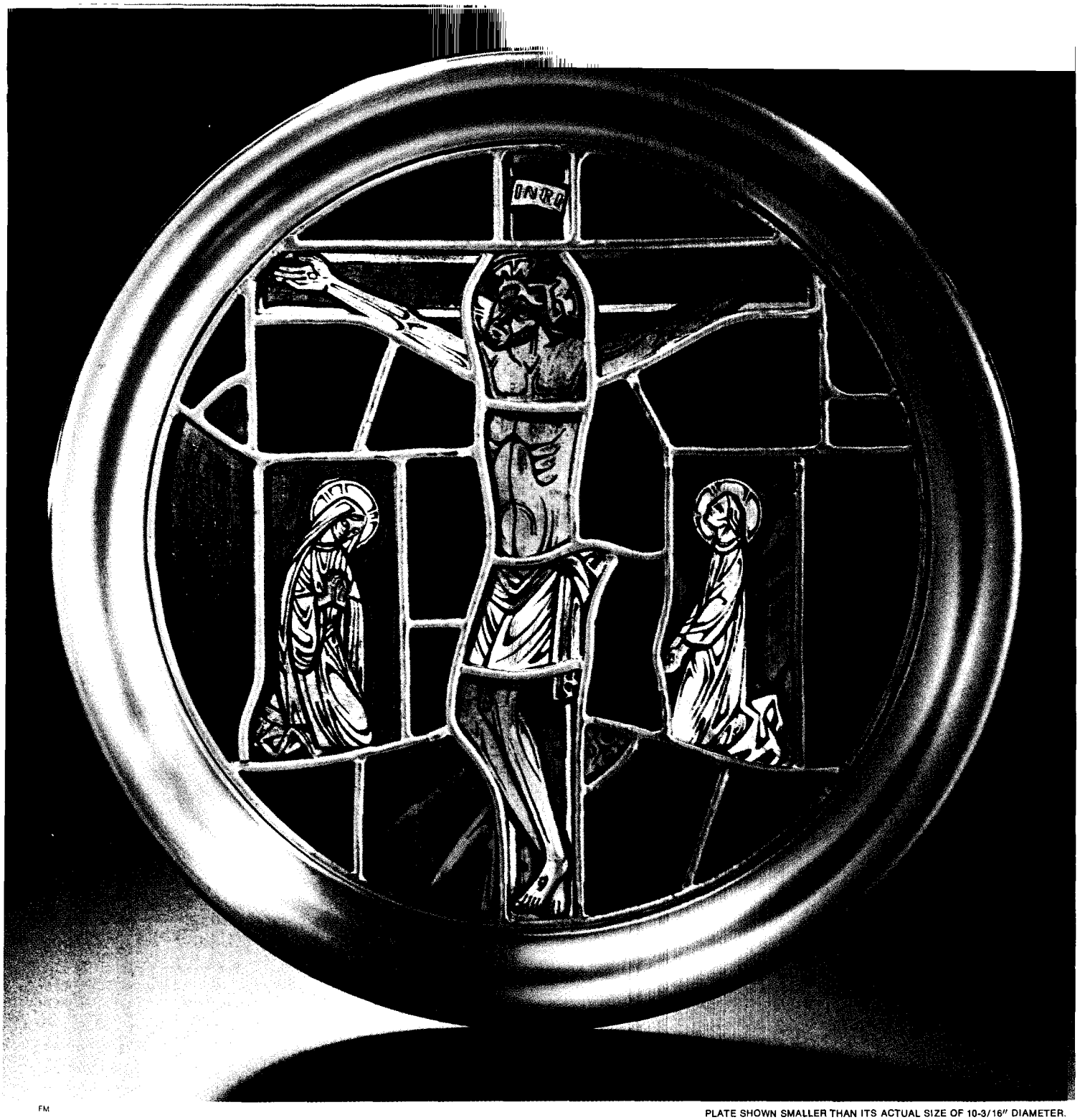

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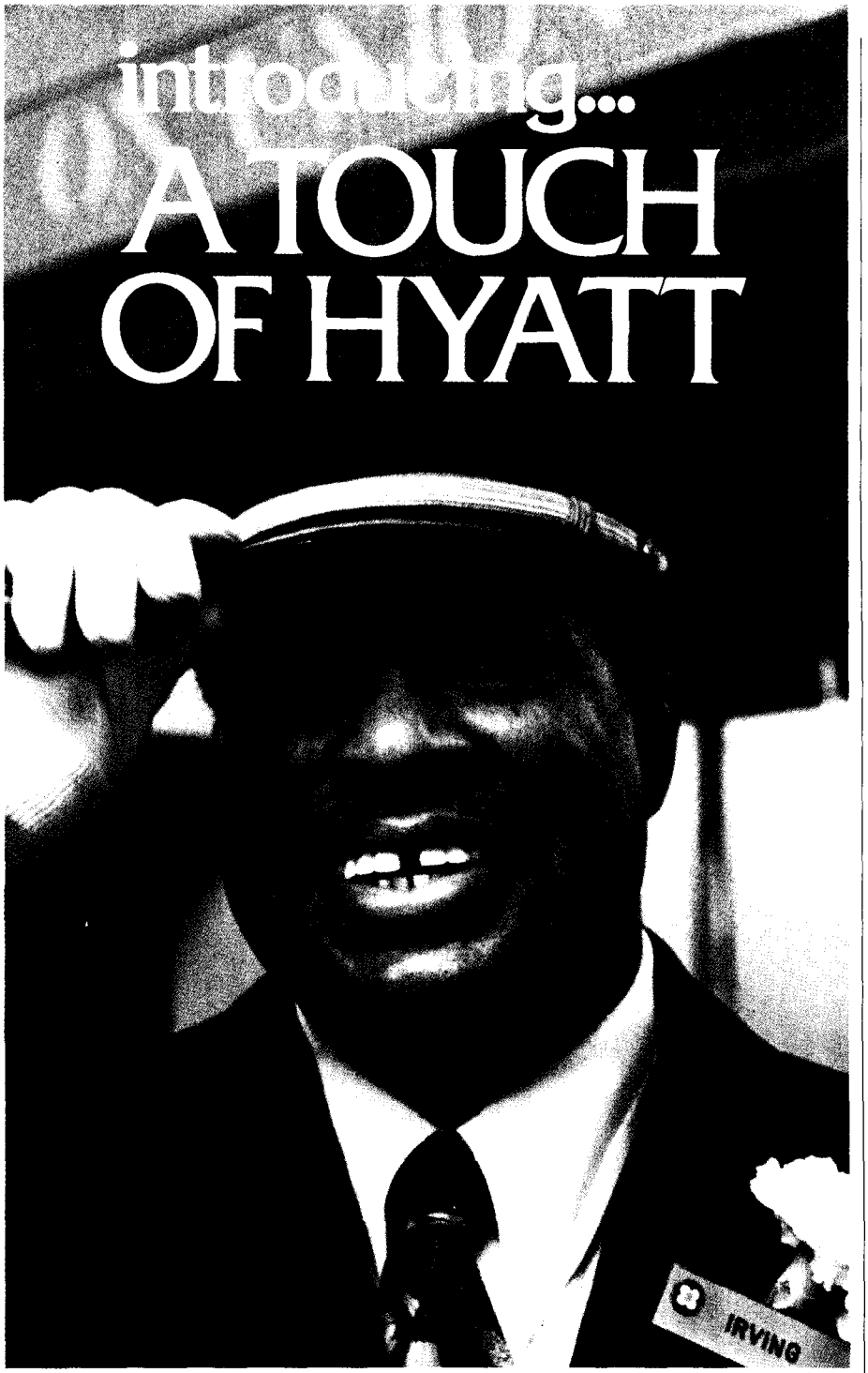

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ting great numbers of youths opt out, without any effective academic controls. The consequence of such a breach in the dike of universal education is predictable. Those who will leave school—initially by being allowed to drop out and eventually by being surreptitiously pushed out—will not come from the mainstream of affluence. They will be the children of poverty and neglect. While such dropping out should not be expected to worry the political right, it is a remarkable testimony to either the naiveté or the callousness of those on the left who, in opposing compulsory schooling, ignore the historical evidence: the children of the rich have always been educated, with or without official compulsion; it is only for many children of the poor that the end of compulsory education will mean the end of educational opportunity.

THE NEW VOCATIONALISM. Strong currents of political and economic conservatism have raised questions about the value of general education. Although the proponents of specialization and career education insist that they want only what is best for each youngster, it is easy to foresee what the "new realism"—President Ford has already elevated the slogan to the position of his administration's ideology—may eventually mean in practice. The challenge of open horizons will be replaced by appeals to keep sights realistically low. The past era of rising expectations has had its pitfalls, but it was more in keeping with the American dream than was the impending era of modest aspirations.

It is one of the ironies of the new trend that vocationalism is particularly counterproductive in an uncertain economy, when jobs are both scarce and changeable. It makes slim indeed the chances of picking the right specialization years in advance of actual entry into the labor market. The writer of a recent article in *The New York Times Magazine* extravagantly extolling the virtues of New York's Aviation High School appeared unaware of its own ultimate contradiction: only 6 members of last June's 515-member graduating class reported that they had found jobs in the aviation industry. The primary reason for youth unemployment is not lack of training but lack of jobs.

EVEN SUCH specific objections are secondary to the more fundamental risk that conservatives will begin—openly or covertly—to sort out youngsters at an early age to be dispatched toward a

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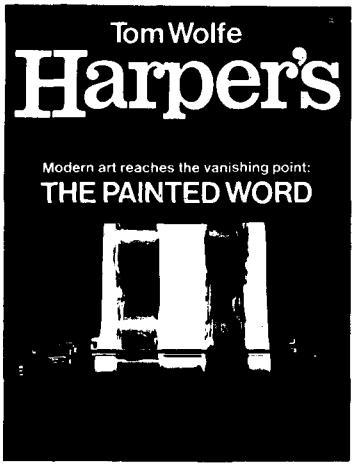

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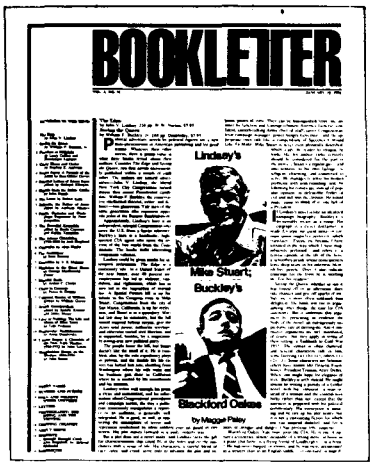

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preordained future on career-oriented tracks. This would be a sharp break with what in the liberal view has been American education's crowning achievement—keeping the options open by avoiding premature typecasting of children. Past experience shows that early focus on the children's prospects as adults reinforces the status quo of class and caste. America has probably progressed beyond the likelihood of a relapse to the days when Malcolm X, an honors student in a Midwestern high school, on informing his English teacher that he wanted to become a lawyer, was told: "A lawyer—that's not a realistic goal for a nigger." Yet, even in a society that has conquered such virulent racism, many educators still show a wide gap in their perceptions of what constitutes a "realistic goal" for the rich and for the poor.

Countries around the world, inspired by the success of America's open educational road, are abandoning their preselection. It would be an ironic tragedy if the United States were, at this very time, to retreat to a system which would aggravate, and freeze into a permanent mold, the differences in class and wealth.

RETREAT FROM HIGHER EDUCATION. As the argument against the benefits of higher education gathers force, the colleges will lose their capacity to infuse new blood into the nation's power structure. For nearly a century the campuses have increasingly fulfilled the function of elevating young people above their parents' station and of letting them infiltrate the executive suites, board rooms, and bastions of political influence.

Despite such democratization, the cards are still stacked in favor of the wellborn. Census figures for 1973 show that 53.7 percent of the college-age children of families with incomes of $15,000 and more were attending college. The proportion went downhill in direct relation to earnings until it reached a low of 12.7 percent for the same age group from poverty-level homes. In the past two years, moreover, the percentage of college attendance among youths from lower-middle-class families has declined sharply.

If this trend continues, young Americans from the old, established college "class" will increasingly dominate the campuses. Instead of helping to broaden the socioeconomic mix of the nation's leadership, higher education will then revert to its original restrictive function —to give children of inherited wealth an ever larger share of society's controlling positions.

Recognition of these developments without exposing and opposing them amounts to nothing less than complicity in democracy's slow strangulation. To avert such a catastrophe, ways must be found to change the present mood of political vacuity and public apathy. New and effective spokesmen must argue education's case, not in the present parochial singsong of those who simply bewail their own institutions' fiscal plight, but with a persuasive outline of future goals.

Without projecting a compelling, forward-looking agenda, education's leaders cannot hope to arouse the American people from the self-centered preoccupation with their own economic troubles. The public will not help to rescue the schools and colleges unless these institutions spell out once again what they can do for the American people.

But history has also shown that American education cannot change the nation's policies by getting too far ahead of those who wield political power. Alert political leaders, and eventually the government itself, must join with academic authorities, particularly but not exclusively those in the universities, in charting a future that harnesses education's capacities as a progressive social force. "The university cannot tell the people what it can do for them," said Ernest Boyer, chancellor of the State University of New York, "unless the government knows where it wants to go and what the university can do to help it get there."

Apathy is the fruit of interlocking aimlessness. Perhaps the demand for a new sense of purpose, based on the belief that beyond the recession lies an American future, will have to come from the people themselves. In the late Forties, when education was also in the doldrums after the hiatus of the Great Depression and World War II, a massive non-partisan campaign was mounted by the National Citizens Commission for the Public Schools. It managed to move public education onto the center of the nation's stage.

It may well be that a similar movement, this time to include the colleges and universities, may have to be launched to mount a coast-to-coast campaign for halting the retreat and going forward again. In this Bicentennial year no other objective seems more urgent than helping the American people regain their faith in education. The incentive to do so is elemental: to prevent the decline and fall of American democracy. □

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Warming Up the Past

The Hot-Blooded Dinosaurs: A Revolution in Paleontology
by Adrian J. Desmond
Dial Press, 238 pp., $12.95

Reviewed by Archie Carr

It is in the air to think of dinosaurs with greater respect. A new generation of paleontologists is looking at them unorthodoxly, and publishing strange views about them in prestigious journals. The popular idea that dinosaurs were cumbersome, dull-witted creatures, tolerated by nature for only the time it took the spry, shrewd mammals to evolve, may have to be modified. I take it as a straw in the wind that even a recent novel speaks of dinosaurs with warmth. In his book *Centennial,* James Michener traces the history of a little Western town clear back to the origin of the earth and, along the way, recounts happenings in the life of a 30-ton *Diplodocus* that used to live in the area.

Adrian Desmond's book explains how the resurgence of interest in dinosaurs and their kin has come about. A science historian whose special interest is the impact of paleontology on evolutionary theory in 19th-century Europe, Desmond is also a biologist with the background to explain complicated paleophysiologic events. As the title of his book suggests, his main aim is to present the evidence for, and explore the implications of, endothermy (warm-bloodedness) in dinosaurs, which most people have considered to be reptiles and thus inescapably dependent on outside warmth.

Nothing that has come out of the rocks has equaled the effect of dinosaurs and their relatives on human thinking. The first Mesozoic leviathan to be unearthed was not a dinosaur but a mosasaur, a huge aquatic relative of the lizard. The specimen was a pair of fourfoot jaws, hewn out of the chalk under St. Peter's mountain near Maastricht, Holland, in 1770. The jaws made their way into the hands of the famous French anatomist Baron Cuvier, who correctly identified them as belonging to a gigantic marine lizard. The Maastricht skull went back in time much farther than mammoths did, and it prompted Cuvier to make a startling generalization that today goes without saying: that the farther back into past times you look, the more different the fauna appears.

So all at once thoughtful people found themselves confronted by two disturbing ideas: that giant creatures, unknown today, once roamed the earth; and that obliteration of the Creator's handiwork has occurred through extinction. Today, extinction seems an inevitable outcome of natural selection, but in the 18th century it seemed an adverse reflection on the omnipotence of God. Other disturbing fossils soon emerged, and the controversy that these discoveries generated among scholars and clergymen continued right up to the time of Darwin, and merged with the debates over natural selection.

Mr. Desmond follows these happenings with drive and relish, but his book finds its real pace when he begins to follow out the ramifications of warm-bloodedness in dinosaurs and their kin. There is evidence that endothermy came early into the dinosaur line, perhaps before the dinosaurs themselves had evolved. About 210 million years ago, in the early Triassic, a group of reptiles called thecodonts began moving their hind-leg bones into the vertical plane beneath the body. This was the beginning of a momentous advance—bipedal locomotion; and by mid-Triassic, 200 million years ago, the bipedal carriage was well developed in the thecodonts. To many biologists it goes practically without saying that this stance and locomotion required an improved circulatory system, increased energy output, and endothermy. From those warm-blooded thecodonts the dinosaurs emerged.

Another venture into endothermy was made independently in the Triassic by the mammals, or even by their

The pterodactyl, or "phantom from hell"—"Gentle, intelligent, slow-soaring."

E. Newman, 1843. *The Zoologist*

Archie Carr is graduate research professor of zoology at the University of Florida. His most recent book is So Excellent a Fish: A Natural History of Sea Turtles.

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Permian ancestors, the therapsids, or mammal-like reptiles. The hallmarks of mammals are milk production and hair, and neither of these is recorded in the fossil record. But fossils show that the therapsids had a secondary palate. The effect of this was to allow the animals to continue breathing while they chewed their food. At the same time their cheek teeth acquired additional cusps. These changes indicate increased feeding and oxygen consumption, and this in turn suggests that they had become warm-blooded. Recently found fossil impressions suggest that they may even have had hair.

THE MOST SENSATIONAL fossil ever discovered was *Archeopteryx*, the reptile bird. It had teeth in its jaws, it had feathers, and some of its bony structure was similar to that of the dinosaurs. After the first specimen was found, in 1861, arguments over the meaning of *Archeopteryx* were noisy and protracted. Even some paleontologists, though convinced of the reptilian origin of birds, have remained loath to accept their dinosaurian ancestry. Only recently, however, endothermy has been adduced as evidence in the case for regarding birds as pretty much just feathered dinosaurs. Birds, it is now suggested, appear to be the result of the dinosaur's evolutionary effort to get small. Feathers were not at first for flight; they evolved before flight, as a device for retaining metabolic heat. This means that the dinosaur forebears of *Archeopteryx* were warm-blooded, and that their heat source was not sunshine absorbed by basking, as it is in lizards, but a by-product of high metabolic activity. So, seek not to know where the dinosaurs have gone. They are hiding under the feathers of birds. In a manner of speaking.

The bird ancestors were probably diminutive bipedal dinosaurs, with hopping hind legs and small front legs. Before the end of the Cretaceous this two-legged pattern had produced *Tyrannosaurus*, a hopping carnivore 40 feet long, and a host of small, light-bodied creatures whose attributes led Desmond to describe them as "ultra-intelligent," "graceful," "sophisticated," and "beautiful and alert."

Another set of descendants of the old warm-blooded thecodonts show strong circumstantial evidence of high energy use, but until recently there has been no indication as to how the necessary temperatures were maintained. These are the pterosaurs. If *Archeopteryx* was the most intellectually disruptive idea ever dug up, the pterodactyl was the most emotionally unsettling, the farthest removed from animal norms and the nearest to nightmares. The title of Desmond's chapter on pterosaurs is "Phantoms From Hell"; before the chapter is finished, however, he has built a case for the phantoms' being "gentle, intelligent, slow-soaring, . . . probably coated in white fur."

Pterosaurs ranged in size from that of a sparrow to giants with a 50-foot wingspread. The little ones probably flapped their wings; the big ones were almost surely soarers or gliders. The main support for the wing was the greatly elongated fourth finger. The whole skeleton was beautifully engineered to combine lightness and strength, and some pterosaurs are thought to have been able to rise gently from the ground on a 15-knot breeze. But as light and scraggly as they

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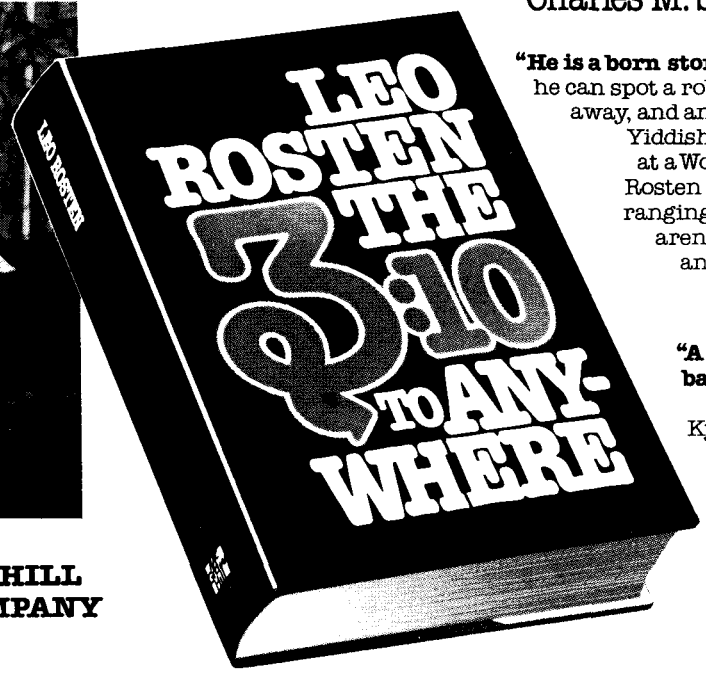

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were, how did they regulate heat loss? The answer to that may have come from recent finds in the Soviet Union, where fossils of pterosaurs with fur have been discovered.

THE LAST CHAPTER of the book is called "The Coming of Armageddon." The disaster referred to is the sudden, total disappearance of the dinosaurs 70 million years ago, at the end of the Cretaceous. The appearance of the dinosaurs was the most dramatic paleontologic event of all earth history. They exploded into the mid-Triassic world, completely replacing the mammal ancestors in nearly every ecologic niche. The suddenness and completeness of dinosaur extinction is an even more dramatic occurrence, and its cause is a complete mystery.

The unprecedented spread of dinosaurs can be at least partly explained by their combining warm blood with large size; but their going makes no sense at all. It is one of the towering mysteries of earth history, and Mr. Desmond's review of the possible causes makes a suitable climax for his book. It was not just dinosaurs that disappeared. The end of the Cretaceous also saw the last of the marine plesiosaurs, mosasaurs, and ammonites (shelled, tentacled mollusks which themselves had staged an evolutionary explosion in the Mesozoic), the pterosaurs, much of the woody terrestrial vegetation of the earth, and many groups of plankton, including the foraminifera that formed the Cretaceous chalk. When you think through the implications of that diverse list, that some horrid cataclysm occurred seems the inescapable conclusion. But it would have to be a peculiar kind of cataclysm, because not *all* life was wiped out—birds, mammals, cockroaches, and a lot of other creatures lived on. The author chooses as the most likely disaster the explosion of a star near enough to the earth to produce both killing radiation effects and less rapid, but just as lethal, changes in the climate of the planet.

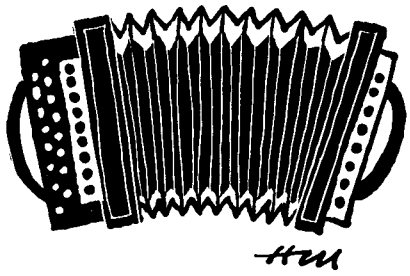
Some paleontologists and physiological ecologists may take exception here and there to this fast-moving treatment of the momentous interplay among body size, brain size, athleticism, and body temperature in the dinosaurs and their relatives. But for anybody to come up with a better synthesis of the facts and logic involved will require more work, talent, verve, and erudition than Desmond has shown—and those will not be easy to bring together. □

Feminism Without Cant

Literary Women
by Ellen Moers
Doubleday, 360 pp., $10

Reviewed by
Pamela Hansford Johnson

If I had not read her excellent *The Two Dreisers*, I might have fallen into the impertinence of hailing Ellen Moers as a discovery. Like the other book, *Literary Women* is beautifully written and scholarly, exhibiting a wide frame of reference. In fact, so thorough are her discussions that when you think she might have overlooked an author in making a point, you need only turn a page or two to discover that she has not been overlooked at all. What I had not realized before, and certainly do now, is that Ms. Moers has a splendid sense of fun: not acrid fun, or harsh fun, but fun



pure and simple, acute and high-spirited.

Beginning in the last decades of the 18th century, women in England, in America, and on the Continent have contributed significantly to the development of the novel, and it is in this genre, for the most part, that Ms. Moers finds her subjects. She has chosen to produce neither history nor theory but, in her own words, "a celebration of the great women who have spoken for us all." Her work is a vast, admirably researched panorama. She does not suffer from exaggerated feminism, but, on the other hand, gives weight where it is due, and finds her way accurately upon the vast map of her subject. She never deals with tosh, but often with the forgotten women writers who deserved no such fate.

It is Ellen Moers's contagious fascination not just with the fact of her literary women's sex, but with their accomplishments regardless of that sex, that shines most brightly throughout her study—from Mrs. Tonna (Charlotte Elizabeth, 1790–1846) to Madame de Staël, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Mary Shelley, Jane Austen, the Brontës, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, all the way through to Sylvia Plath. She offers new ideas—allowing us to consider, for instance, that Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein* was a birth myth—and notes the political significance of many a printed page (the writing of several Victorian women on the subject of work was a radical action in itself).

She observes that many women novelists gave their heroines mature and tutorial lovers—Knightly to Emma, Paul Emmanuel to Lucy Snowe, Professor Bhaer to Jo March—adding: "Perhaps only coeducational schooling ended this long tradition of teacher-lovers, when women found, given half a chance at schooling, they were better learners than men; George Eliot, early on, gave it the kick of derision with Casaubon." I had never really seen Casaubon in that light before, but now I shall never see him any other way.

One of the author's most delightful tricks is to state things baldly, making one gasp, stretch one's eyes, and say, "But of course!" For example, Ms. Moers states that women confined to the home during the 1790s, without the freedom men had in the university and coffeehouses, tended to read one another's work closely and with fertilizing effect. Now that this has been said, it sounds obvious. Of course, a lot of rubbish was published during this period, and it is a joy to hear of Mary Wollstonecraft encountering a piece of it with a simple "Pray, Miss, write no more!" Nevertheless, many women sent their influence ranging beyond their homes (and not only to other homes) by good, serious, and committed writing. Jane Austen, George Eliot, and Elizabeth Barrett Browning were the most influential of all. It is much to women's credit that, cribbed, cabined, and confined, they opened the door to freedom by their literary works, and made their powerful voices heard.

THE SECTION on Madame de Staël gives a most interesting and thorough breakdown of *Corinne*, which might at first seem rather a silly book, but which actually had a wide influence on European literature:

George Eliot in her scrupulous attention

British novelist Pamela Hansford Johnson is the author of Important to Me *and* A Summer to Decide.

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to the domestic habits of rural England; Charlotte Brontë in *Villette*, a novel which in its title as in its every scene and event is concerned with the power of place; Mrs. Stowe, in the wide geographical and socio-economic sweep of her novel on slavery; George Sand, in her hundreds of brilliant pages on the clashing values transmitted by the women of her own family; Willa Cather in *Old Mrs. Harris*, the most delicate study that we have in fiction of the cultural determination of women's lives—all belong to the tradition of *Corinne*, or *Italy*.

It was, incidentally, Madame de Staël's devotion to Italy that brought down upon her the rage of Napoleon, who banished her from Paris—for her, a very rough punishment indeed.

One of the most controversial treatments in the book is that of Freudian symbolism, as it manifested itself long before Freud. Landscape is a symbol, used to brilliant effect by George Sand, George Eliot, Willa Cather. The knowledge that landscape may, as Ms. Moers has analyzed it, "be charged with female privacy and with emotions ranging from the erotic to the mystical," might send many a woman novelist back to the study of her own novels, to find out what she has inadvertently been up to. I do think that Ms. Moers has drawn the longbow this time. It now seems impossible for any writer to achieve a page of physical and topographical description without stumbling on these infernal symbols.

Apart from Ms. Moers's belief in symbols where none, perhaps, exist, and her rather savage treatment of the late Lionel Trilling's assessment of *Emma*, I can criticize little in this important book. Other scholars tend to bear their scholarship ponderously, but Ellen Moers bears hers as lightly as a feather pillow. Indeed, I can think of no other work of scholarship as lighthearted as this, or one that has made me smile more. She is, as well, a creative critic; the work of anyone she admires urges her to imaginative ideas of her own. There are never any signs of flagging interest or of lack of attention; she brings enthusiasm to everything she touches, never failing to give weight and point to her comments.

All important works of criticism should inspire us to read on; the whole art of criticism lies in mental stimulation. Ellen Moers's book not only stimulates but also makes a complex subject both easy and delightful to assimilate. I have learned a lot from it, and it may give me gusto in my literary education in the same way that Aldous Huxley's incomparable *Texts and Pretexts* did many years ago. □

A Classic Outsider

Kinflicks
by Lisa Alther
Alfred A. Knopf, 512 pp., $8.95

Reviewed by Doris Grumbach

Last year, in a rash but, it turns out, prophetic moment, I rushed into print with the prediction that *Ragtime* would be the most acclaimed book of the year. Now, with equal impetuousness, I urge upon you a novel by a new writer named Lisa Alther, about whom I know nothing except that she is in her early 30s, has published nothing before this, and has here produced an extraordinary first novel. It is not a *Ragtime*, but it is a fiction inhabited for the most part by an authentic and original voice, one that a great many readers should find themselves attentive to.

Kinflicks (the title, a play on the word *skinflicks*, refers to the American habit of taking innumerable snapshots of one's children and relatives) is funny; it is stamped with the touchmark of acute, aching, poignant reality. But these superlatives should be applied carefully. They do not overlay the whole book equally. This long, sometimes too extended, talky book will not be everyone's cup of tea. The purist may complain that it is too long and thus formless, and that it fails to crest dramatically. The extraordinary force of the first part seems to peter out; the end is less interesting than the earlier parts. And the impatient reader may be irked by Alther's method: an interlarding of chapters about the present with long flashbacks.

The novel is picaresque. Virginia Hull Babcock, its heroine, is born in a small town in Tennessee, to parents who are leading citizens of Hullsville. They are "into death," according to "Ginny": her father, the expectant-of-disaster Major who manages a munitions plant in the town, and her mother, the kinflick addict who is also "into" visiting the forgotten gravesites of her forebears and making rubbings of their gravestones. Ginny has a tomboy childhood

Doris Grumbach, formerly the literary editor of the New Republic, *is a frequent contributor to* The New York Times Book Review *and other publications.*

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and then marvelously described teens. It is safe to call this section the best 100-or-so pages on adolescent mores and attitudes, sex and sensibilities, since Salinger took us on Holden Caulfield's journey. The "popular" girl as willing participant in the "sports" of football heroes in high school; the eager, fumbling couple, wanting to know what "it" is and how "it" is done, while still bound by fear of the town, the coach, parents, themselves—these have not been done better in recent fiction.

Ginny leaves Hullsport for Wortley, a women's college near Boston where, through a wonderful spinster professor of philosophy, she discovers her mind and indulges in the excesses of intellectual asceticism characteristic of that startling discovery. At almost the same time she learns of the pleasures of lesbian love with a beautiful classmate named Eddie. She drops out of college to live with Eddie on a farm that develops into a women's commune. Here we are given a long stretch of feminism-*cum*-satire that ends horrifyingly: Eddie dashes off in a fury on a stolen Sno-Cat and is decapitated by barbed wire.

Ginny marries, has a child, lives in Vermont with her husband, Ira Bliss, whose family are old settlers, and falls into all the familiar discontents of non-orgasmic, infant-raising wifedom. The high point of this long day's journey into connubialism is the series of hilarious experiments Ira performs to "awaken" Ginny, exploring the whole manual of far-out extracurricular activities, to no avail. Eventually, he finds her in bed with Hawk, a meditation freak, and throws her out.

This describes one narrative path, a palimpsestal undercoat to the three weeks that the now-dispossessed Ginny spends at the deathbed of her mother. In this brief time Ginny searches for herself in the old, fraudulent antebellum Southern mansion of her childhood and talks with her mother, no longer the writer of her own epitaphs but now facing "at last, the Distinguished Thing." Ginny remembers her grandfather's advice to her when he regrets his founding of the town: "I never should of left Sow Gap, honey. I was a miner's son. I had no bidness tryin to be nothing else. Lord God, I done made a mess. Virginia, honey, don't you never try to be what you ain't."

Trying to be herself involves a locative act, which is the novel's purpose. Her small acts of instinct fail: she tries to keep alive some nestling sweeps that have fallen, but they die, as horribly as Eddie did; her mother dies after two short spells of understanding between them, and Ginny half-heartedly fools around with taking her own life. Then she stops short: "Like most of her undertakings, her proposed suicide had degenerated into burlesque. Apparently she was condemned to survival. At least for the time being." Off she goes then into the unknown horizon, Hawk's knapsack on her back, her mother's clock in it, like the little tramp and other journeying mythic heroes.

Burlesque: that is the right word for the tone of many of these episodes. Others are in what might be called high satire—farce for still others. And because satire often has tragic overtones, these are here, too. Ginny is a displaced person searching in kooky ways for roots, an unliberated woman with liberated instincts, a child spiritually still tied to a father who has died and a mother who has failed her, until her last days. Most of all she is the classic outsider, the onlooker on her own searches, the overseer of her own anguish. To her cool *isolato's* eyes, she, and everyone involved with her, looks *funny;* it is this fine sense of the comic nature of her and everyone else that permits the novel to approach, after all, a kind of high seriousness.

A best-seller? Sure. A book for reading lists in ubiquitous "women's studies" courses? Inevitably. An entry into that select genre, the *bildungsroman,* in the august company of *The Catcher in the Rye, Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man,* and Huck? Yes, indeed. □

WIT TWISTER NO. 67
Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. Answers on page 52.

On angry seas — — — — —
Spanish ships of war;
King Philip's — — — — —
nears the English shore.
— — — — —, the lookouts stare
through driving rain
Toward England's coast, yet wish
themselves in Spain. A. S.

Answer to Fraser Young Literary Cryptogram No. 54 (see page 14): A straw vote only shows which way the hot air blows.
O. Henry

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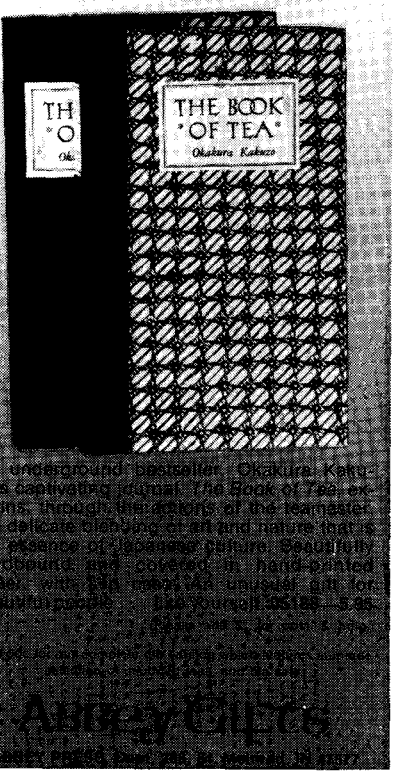

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Revolutions of the Mind

Powers of Mind
by Adam Smith
Random House, 419 pp., $10

Growing (Up) at Thirty-Seven
by Jerry Rubin
M. Evans, 216 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Eleanor Links Hoover

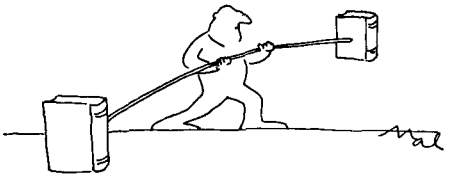
Adam Smith has a well-deserved reputation for de-mystifying the mysterious or, in Alan Watts's incomparable phrase, "effing the ineffable." He does so with style, amiability, and wit. In his previous books, *The Money Game* and *Supermoney*, he applied these gifts to guiding the reader deftly through the thickets and ambushes of high finance and economics, his area of expertise.

Now, in *Powers of Mind*, he takes us on the most virtuoso tour yet: to the paradoxical land of the mind and the New Consciousness, with all its Dali-esque illusions, mirages, and mysteries. As befits the territory, this book is both a head and body trip. Smith is now explorer as well as guide, not only sampling the "experience" of all the important new therapies and disciplines that lead supposedly to inner wisdom, but also explaining, in detail and in depth, their claims and accomplishments.

One of Smith's main points is that we in the Western world have probably gone about as far as we can go with the worship of the left hemisphere of the brain, the side that controls our capacity to talk, count, reason, plan, calculate. This "rational" side has always been over-valued in our society, to the neglect of the right hemisphere, which controls nonverbal and artistic abilities. Such neglect has made us lopsided as well as unhappy.

All of Smith's forays are designed to get him in touch with the other, more intuitive, more creative forms of "knowing." To this end, he lets you know what it is like to take LSD, meditate TM-style, do mystical exercises in Arica, accept "what is" in EST, take Zen tennis lessons, have body tensions pummeled out in Rolfing, face inner fears in the dark waters of an isolation tank, and monitor brain waves on a biofeedback machine. He introduces you to all the main gurus and teachers, from Carlos Castenada, Baba Ram Das, and Werner Erhard, to historical figures like Gurdjieff.

He starts with abstractions and ideas –those dealing with the chemistry of the body, physiology of the brain, paradigms, altered and higher states of consciousness, modern linguistics, mysticism, drugs, the placebo effect, Heisenberg's principle of indeterminacy, and Wittgenstein's *Philosophical Investigations*– and translates these into amusing anecdotes, parables, and stories. Since to many readers much of this material, if unstylishly presented, could seem as complex as nuclear physics, it is a major tour de force that Adam Smith makes it all as readable and enjoyable as, say, a good novel or whodunit. *Powers of Mind* is written to appeal to the widest possible audience–and it does. Appropriately, all the chapters have catchy titles, like "Left Side, Right Side, Why Ralph Nader Can't Dance," or "The Great Central



Philippine Headache Cure." If this is, indeed, the dawning of the Age of Aquarius, Adam Smith must be counted a founding father–in charge of public information.

The style is clever and breezy, with a touch here and there of "surprise"–as if he doesn't quite believe what he is saying. At times–in an effort, perhaps, to appear more of a layman–he seems to be "writing down," but it is an inevitable risk in this kind of work and a minor distraction in an otherwise excellent book.

But there is another problem. Smith describes his experiences vividly, surveying them from all angles, but he never divulges his truest and deepest feelings about himself and what he experienced. Instead, he remains the logical, incisive, somewhat skeptical reporter. And since individual experience is the very essence of the "new psychology," some nagging questions persist. What did he truly learn about himself in this long, arduous personal "search"? Why did he persist at it so long (10 years)?–certainly not just to write a best-seller. With a less interesting author, these questions might not matter, but with Smith they do, perhaps because one senses that behind his sophisticated manner he is anything but passionless.

Jerry Rubin, radical superstar of the Sixties and author of *Do It!*, tells a different story. In *Growing (Up) at Thirty-Seven*, he covers some of the same "experiences" as Smith, but his report is strictly personal. Unlike Adam Smith, he leaves no doubts about his motivation in embarking on such a journey. It is simple: his girl had left him, and the media were tagging him an aging "has-been." He reached the yoga of non-attachment through sheer necessity: he had lost what he had. So for the past five years, Rubin has spent a psychological apprenticeship in growth-oriented San Francisco, sampling its rich wares while excoriating its "blandness" and its lack of what he calls "Jewish soul."

"Overdoing," he writes, "is a basic characteristic of my psychological armor. I think I am not enough so I try to be more." And try he does. His discussion of male sexuality (and his own problems of occasional impotence and premature ejaculation) is the most honest and revealing of all male writers that I have read. Feminists will adore him. He also has some pertinent things to say about how he overcame anger at his parents (his portrait of them is particularly sensitive), and about why all the ex-radicals seem to be meeting these days on farms, in gestalt groups, in therapy sessions, or at meditation retreats.

What is the link between the old, political-activist Rubin and the new? "Whenever people discover themselves–they grow and learn, and that has to be revolutionary," he writes. He would like to see the New Consciousness movement expanded to unite spirituality *and* politics. And while still a little critical of EST (Erhard Seminars Training), he recommends it to friends and gives Werner Erhard credit for his most powerful growth experience. In contrast, Adam Smith never tells you which of his experiences was most powerful for him. Or even if any of them were. Typically, in discussing EST, Smith relates it to other ideas, people, places, things, and experience. While he does so brilliantly, he never quite manages to

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Eleanor Links Hoover, columnist for Human Behavior *and human-behavior writer of the* Los Angeles Times, *is co-author of* The Challenge of Being Single.

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convey the essence of EST. Conversely, Rubin on EST is probably the next best thing to being there.

Ex-yippie Rubin has mellowed, but he has lost none of his puckish verve. When he was "getting into the Consciousness Revolution," he and his girlfriend dreamed up a typical yippie-like happening that could dramatize his newfound discovery. They would organize a "Body Day" with 20,000 naked people massaging each other on TV, 10,000 doing yoga together, eating natural food, doing tai-chi, Rolfing, and acupuncture—an embodiment of the inner and outer revolution. The fantasy was enough; he had no further compulsion to act it out.

Powers of Mind covers the territory thoroughly, but Rubin's personal case history supplies the blood and guts it sometimes lacks. Together, they make an excellent introduction to the Consciousness Revolution. □

New Books

Women of the Shadows

by Ann Cornelisen
Atlantic-Little, Brown, 228 pp., $8.95

For 10 years Ann Cornelisen ran a day nursery in a small town in Lucania, the barren, incredibly poor Italian province south of Naples. By joining in the daily lives of the people who scratched a living out of the meager soil, she came to know them as no social scientist, armed with arrogance and multiple-choice tests, ever could. *Women of the Shadows* is her portrait of that town, particularly of its women, those prematurely aged, black-dressed figures familiar to us from photographs.

The tourist-brochure image of the South as a land of *dolce far niente*, of sweet idleness, is a false one. It is a harsh land, and both men and women perform backbreaking labor to make it yield a starvation diet. Morals are sternly Victorian, the much-vaunted Italian male supremacy largely a myth. In Cornelisen's view the South is firmly matriarchal, owing whatever stability it possesses to the tireless efforts of women not only to farm, keep house, and raise large numbers of children, but to manipulate, threaten, and assuage the political and social-welfare bureaucracies that have replaced the lords of feudal times.

These bureaucracies are the villains of the book. While the men of Lucania are forced to emigrate to find jobs, planners enrich themselves on graft and useless projects: highways where a donkey track would suffice, factories hopelessly distant from raw materials. Compassionate and sharply observed, *Women of the Shadows* should be required reading not only for anthropologists and sociologists but for all those whose work is with the poor. Apparently we still need to be reminded that poverty is not created by those who must endure it.

KATHA POLLITT

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Travesty

by John Hawkes
New Directions, 128 pp., $5.95

Absolute clarity reigns in John Hawkes's new book, a long, sadistic monologue by a wealthy Frenchman who is speeding fiendishly over a highway in southern France toward a premeditated collision. Beside him are two terrified victims—his daughter and his best friend, a well-known poet. The narrator's refined but gleeful ramblings soon acquaint us with his peculiar family life—basically a ménage in which both wife and daughter share the poet's bed. Bitter about his conjugal displacement, the narrator has conceived a spectacular suicide-murder as the supreme homage that is needed to recapture his wife's affections.

Travesty is short and swift; gone is the viscous surrealism and stylistic density that made the plots of some of Hawkes's earlier novels seem like ocean liners glimpsed intermittently through a heavy fog. Yet, the author's goal, as in *The Lime Twig* and *Second Skin*, is estheticizing the ugly and the depraved, bathing them in prose poetry and metaphysical murmurings. Unfortunately, the landscape of Hawkes's imagination is too airless to sustain life; it is peopled by gargoyles who disport themselves through self-consciously decadent situations. Moreover, it is created out of literary models rather than actual experience. In fact, the overtones of Gide, Camus, Nabokov, and Joyce that emanate from *Travesty* are so deafening as to leave little room for a personal voice.

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Trade Winds

by William Cole

Great Poet

When Eugenio Montale won the Nobel Prize last year, my reaction was, "Oh, ho, Italy's turn has come up." I hadn't read him. Now I have, and he's a great poet. When you read *New Poems* (New Directions, $7.95 cloth, $2.95 paper, March 24) I'm sure you'll feel, as I did, that this 79-year-old poet is one of the wisest and most lovable men in the world. The poems are translated superbly by G. Singh, an Indian teaching in Belfast—which brings a lot of countries into the act. Here's a favorite poem, "Receding":

The wood worm was born I think
in a cabinet I saved from removals
and floods. It drills very slowly
and its microsound is incessant.
It has probably fed for months
on the dust—the fruit of its labour.
One would say it ignores my existence,
but I know about it.
I myself have been drilling unawares
a stump which I do not know
and which someone watches, annoyed
by the chirping it causes, someone who
in turn keeps drilling, unconscious
of his drilling, and so on in
a long telescope of pieces one
inside the other.

Buttonhole Book

During the past month, when anyone asked me, "What's new?" I shot back, "*Bloodbrothers* by Richard Price." This second novel by a 26-year-old New Yorker will be published by Houghton Mifflin on March 31 at $8.95. I can most easily compare its fierce realism and poetry to that of Nelson Algren's great *The Man With the Golden Arm*. Price takes a volatile Italian-American hard-hat family living in Co-op City in the Bronx and puts them—and you—through the wringer. The nub of the matter is whether 18-year-old Stony will become a construction worker, like the rest of the men in the family, or get to "work with kids." The scene with him and two little black boys in wheelchairs will tear your heart out. The book is so good that I couldn't read it at one sitting—I rationed myself, 20 pages at a time, making it last longer. It's what I call a "buttonhole book"—I grab people by the buttonhole and say, "Read it!"

The Return of the Essay

When does a magazine cease being a magazine and become a book? This thought was inspired by the new double issue of *Anteus*, coming in late March. The issue, devoted to the essay, God bless it, is 311 pages long. There surely is something for every taste in it: a 16-page unpublished essay by Auden, and forays by such hot names as Harold Brodkey, Flann O'Brien, and Octavio Paz. A bit of O'Brien:

A man once said to me that he hated blasphemy, but on purely rational grounds. If there is no God, he said, the thing is stupid and unnecessary. If there is, it's dangerous.

Two entries are particularly up my alley: Gail Godwin's "A Diarist on Diarists" and Jerome Charyn's "Ping-Pong in New York." You'll likely have trouble finding it in your bookstore, but you can order this double issue from *Anteus*, 1 West 30th St., New York, N.Y. 10010, for $5.95, or a subscription—four issues—for $10. Worth it.

One Black, One French

Here are two very different novels, each worth reading. *Sitting Pretty* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, March 22, $7.95) is by the black poet-novelist Al Young. Concerns Sidney J. Prettymon, or "Sit," a lazy, philosophic, ne'er-do-well black man slouching through an existence in the San Francisco area. The plot is as aimless and amiable as he is. What little there is has to do with his ex-wife suffering from cancer, a rich and affectionate woman who takes up with Sit, his climbing-up-the-ladder kids, and observations such as:

"Have a long happy weekend, man!" the little clerk say, tackin that word *man* on at the end the way white folks'll do sometime when they talkin to a Negro and dont know how to act. They figger that *man* business spose to put *me* at ease when all they really doin is allowin me to ascertain they own discomfiture.

On the other hand, here's a novel that's plotted to the gills: *The Bernardini Terrace* by Suzanne Prou, translated from the French by Adrienne Foulke (Harper & Row, April 6, $7.95). It's so skillful, clever, and engrossing that it makes you shake your head in wonder. Basically, we have here a small French city 50 years ago, the butcher's daughter who marries the worthless son of the richest family in town, and who does what to whom thereafter. It's short, but Madame Prou weaves an incredibly fine net, the strands of which are passion, deceit, sadism, pride, seduction, and burning hate. It's not for your Aunt Polly, either, but that's the way the ice tray freezes. □

"Living 900 years is all right, but I keep forgetting the amount of my tax carry-forward."

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artsletter

NATIONAL BOOK AWARDS. This year, for the first time, the National Book Awards are being presented under the sponsorship of the National Institute of Arts and Letters (see Artsletter, September 20, 1975). Judges for the six categories are as follows: (1) Arts and Letters--Richard Poirier, Mark Schorer, Wylie Sypher; (2) Contemporary Affairs--Stuart Chase, Richard Holbrooke, Robert Lekachman; (3) Fiction--Maurice Dolbier, William Gass, Mary McCarthy; (4) History and Biography--James R. Mellow, R. K. Webb, C. Vann Woodward; (5) Poetry--John Malcolm Brinnin, Babette Deutsch, James Scully; (6) Children's Books--Paula Fox, Ethel Heins, William Jay Smith. NBA nominees will be announced about the time this issue appears, and the awards will be given on April 21 at the National Institute of Arts and Letters in New York City.

STATING IT PER CAPITA. Every state in the Union has an arts council that automatically receives an annual grant from the National Endowment (last year it was $200,000 for each state, regardless of size). In addition, the state arts agencies also get appropriations from their own legislatures. The sums in some cases are still pretty minute, but overall there is a pattern of at least some growth. Associated Councils of the Arts, which keeps track of these things, reports that the greatest increase in state support last year occurred in North Dakota, up 564 percent from the previous year. The good news seems somewhat less imposing when one learns that the actual amount of North Dakota's arts appropriations rose all the way from $5,100 to $33,850.

A more revealing set of figures from the ACA shows the amount of money appropriated per capita for the arts in each of the 50 states. New York leads the list at $1.96 per capita, followed by Alaska ($1.48), Hawaii ($1.30), and Colorado (86¢). Some of the richest states come out surprisingly poorly in this computation--for example, Texas at 3.6¢ per capita or California at 4.3¢. The lowest state of all, for what it's worth, is Louisiana, which appropriated 1.8¢ per capita for the arts last year.

New York has long been the shining exemplar of state support for the arts. Indeed, its arts program antedates the federal government's. But now New York's largesse is to be trimmed down. Governor Carey has recommended a $3 million reduction in his 1976–77 budget, bringing the appropriation for the New York State Council on the Arts down to $30 million. Some observers believe that the legislature will actually appropriate even less than this. There is an urgent need to reestablish the state's fiscal credibility, and the arts present an easy target for cost-cutting politicians.

A TAXING BUSINESS. Buried in the 674-page Tax Reform Act of 1975, which was passed by the House of Representatives last December, is a section that could prove costly to painters, writers, composers, and other artists who use their homes in part as workshops. Section 601 of this act would severely restrict the taxpayer's right to deduct from taxable income those expenses attributable to the use of his home for business purposes. The only deductions permitted would be those "with respect to the portion of the home that is used exclusively on a regular basis as: (1) the taxpayer's principal place of business, or (2) a place of business which is used for patients, clients, or customers in meeting or dealing with the taxpayer in the normal course of business."

The first criterion would rule out the many free-lance artists, writers, and musicians who rely on employment elsewhere in order to make ends meet. And though the second criterion would seem to cover the part-time activities of

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doctors, lawyers, and accountants, it rules out the artist or writer whose "business" is a solitary one.

Fortunately, the House's Tax Reform Act does not become law until it is also passed by the Senate. There is thus time for possible amendments. Already the National Council on the Arts has officially alerted the Senate Finance Committee to the possible discriminatory effect that Section 601 could have on the nation's artistic community. Associated Councils of the Arts and other such organizations will be making similar representations when and if hearings on the bill are held. Meanwhile, individuals may want to send comments directly to Sen. Russell B. Long, chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, Washington, D.C. 20510.

PABST REDIVIVUS. Artsletter has a soft spot for any community that embarks on saving, rather than razing, an old theater. Last year we noted Wilmington's efforts to rehabilitate its 104-year-old opera house (Artsletter, October 4, 1975), which will reopen in May. Another restoration to be unveiled later this year is that of the 80-year-old Pabst Theater in Milwaukee. When that city's multi-million-dollar Performing Arts Center was inaugurated several years ago, the Pabst Theater seemed to be a prime candidate for urban decay. But with the help of grants from the Department of Housing and Urban Development, the city council, Pabst Breweries, and individual donors, Milwaukee's last remaining 19th-century theater is being restored and will reopen this fall. According to its executive director, Alan W. McCracken, "the Pabst will fill an urgent need for an intermediate-sized facility for recitals and serious drama requiring an intimate atmosphere."

ARTS BRIEFS. Tennessee's legislature has voted funds for construction of a 28-story state office building and cultural complex in downtown Nashville, to be opened in 1979. The structure will house a museum and a performing-arts center consisting of three theaters and rehearsal halls. Operating funds are to come from the Tennessee Performing Arts Foundation, which has already raised more than $4 million toward an endowment goal of $6 million . . . Treasures from the Ruth Page archives, recently donated to the New York Public Library's Dance Collection (see SR, November 15, 1975), are on view until May 7 at the Vincent Astor Gallery at Lincoln Center . . . President Ford's budget for next year includes $87 million for the Arts Endowment, an increase of $5 million. Increased funding has also been requested for the Kennedy Center, the National Gallery, and the Smithsonian Institution.

ROLAND GELATT

NSLA News

THEATER WEEKENDS. The January inaugural of "Insider's Theater Weekends," on which NSLA cooperates with Campus/New York, attracted a group of 170. They saw the musical Chicago, Tom Stoppard's Travesties, and a chapter of The Norman Conquests. Members of the casts met with the group and answered questions after each of the performances. The February weekend featured discussions on the musical theater with Tammy Grimes, Jerry Orbach, and the scenic designer Boris Aronson.

The March 26–28 weekend will open on Friday night with A Matter of Gravity, starring Katharine Hepburn. Saturday the focus will be on two revivals: Jerome Kern's Very Good Eddie and the George S. Kaufman–Edna Ferber comedy The Royal Family. Lynn Redgrave, T. Edward Hambleton (of the Phoenix Theater), and Ted Mann (of Circle in the Square) will take part in the discussion session. For further details and reservations, call toll-free (800) 228-9290.

National Society of Literature and the Arts, 488 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

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The Traveler's New World

...and how to get around in it

The increase in the price of oil in 1973 and its effect on economies almost turned off the world. Air fares arched moonward; the dollar scarcely stretched from breakfast to lunch, especially in Europe and in Japan. The bargains in Hong Kong evaporated. Toasty islands in the West Indies, some with a 31 percent occupancy, closed hotels. The manager of the Ritz in Paris flew off to the Arab lands to find replacements for American guests, traditionally the backbone of European tourism. The takers were rich but few.

But now there are clear indications of a new world, quite different from the old one, in which travelers can get around without fear of instant insolvency. A relaxation, at last, of arch rules for charter air travel has created new buyable prices. The traveler may have to adjust to a different style of travel and to some corollary regulations, but it will be possible to make it from here to there. Too, the creation of new resorts and the opening of new places has added a zest for exploration. There is a move toward packaged air-and-sea trips, cruises that depart from distant ports reachable by chartered aircraft. The one-price package is appealing. So is the added spice of doing something at sea—listening to music by celebrated artists and watching demonstrations by world-famous gastronomes. Swift new airplanes are slicing already diminished distances in half again. New modes of dropping prices by cutting corners are bringing air travelers back into the airplanes.

It doesn't look the way it used to look—well, who does?—but there *is* a traveler's new world this spring. A description of it, and ways to get around in it, appear on the pages that follow.

H. S.

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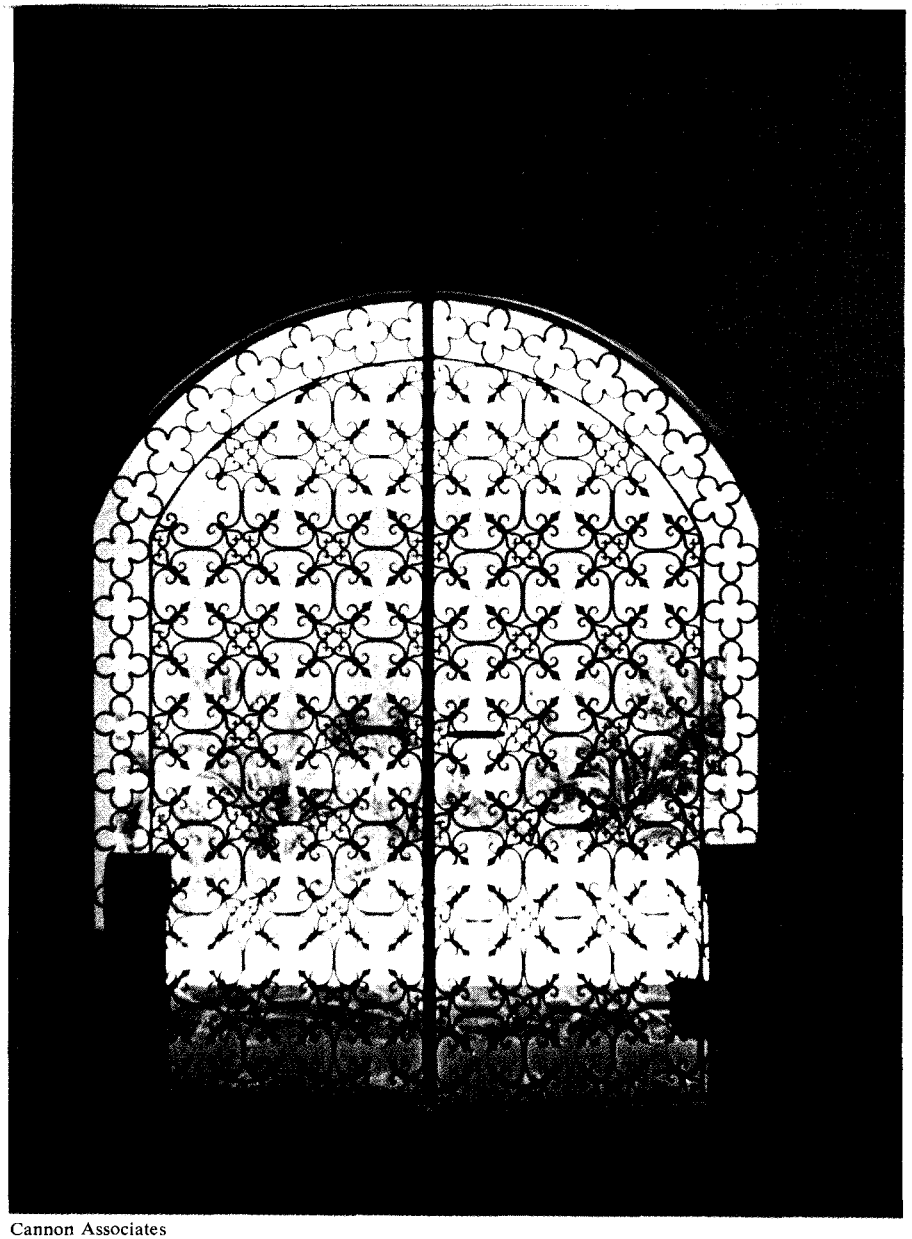

Cannon Associates

Church in Cabo San Lucas, Baja California—"New life without destroying the old."

1. On Land

CANCÚN: Unless one has paid absolutely no heed to all the hoopla being bandied about by Mexican and gringo flacks, it is evident that the world's newest vacation sensation is taking shape in the Caribbean—only a few yards off Mexico's Yucatán Peninsula. Called Cancún (pronounced kahn-*koon*), it occupies a six-mile-long sandspit that bristles with magnificent new hotels, tree-shaded bicycle paths, tennis courts, immense swimming pools, and all the other trappings associated with such fashionable and already-famous resorts as Acapulco and Puerto Vallarta.

Cancún, however, is totally new, so new that the air is redolent with the odors of fresh paint and damp cement, and with the heady perfume of newly planted tropical blooms. Without argument, it is tomorrow's resort today, unequaled anywhere else in Mexico.

But does Cancún work? Well, yes and no. First, let it be said that eventually it promises to be truly first-rate—once it has been completed. How could it miss? The government of Mexico, along with private investors, is committing $100 million to its creation. Officials of Fonatur, the government agency that is coordinating the development of Cancún, foresee it as the playground for 30,000 visitors a day by the end of the century.

Currently, vacationers, conventioneers, and others occupy roughly a dozen luxury hotels, among them the Camino Real, an impressive structure resembling a Mayan pyramid encircled by the Caribbean, lovely lagoons, and a huge swimming pool. Indeed, Cancún's developers seek to recall some facet of Mayan architecture in the design of every building.

For centuries the L-shaped island was a tangle of jungle. Barely 50 miles north of Cozumel, it was favored by ancient Mayan kings. They luxuriated along its warm, tropical beaches and hunted in its jungles. Then, late in the Sixties, the Mexican government began a survey of 6,000 miles of coastline, searching for a new vacation destination. After photographing dozens of beaches bordering the nation's Pacific shore, the Gulf of Mexico, and the Caribbean, the officials chose Cancún, not only because of its near-perfect weather—temperatures average 81 degrees the year round—but also because of its relationship to major tourist markets.

Before Project Cancún got under way, barely 100 souls resided in the immediate area. Ultimately, hundreds of workers took up residence, and a new city was constructed to shelter and serve them. Stores and homes were built, streets were paved, and telephone lines were strung. Out of the desolation grew a city of 20,000—the work force necessary for serving the nearby resort of Cancún.

As the project accelerated, jungles were cleared for a modern airport, which today handles the jets of Mexicana and Aeromexico. Hotels took shape, and an 18-hole golf course was designed by the archdeacon of architects, Robert Trent Jones.

Although still unfinished, Cancún represents one of the world's first completely master-planned resorts. It has been compared with Acapulco in its infancy and Puerto Vallarta in its later years. What is more correct is that it resembles a modern Miami Beach with a Mexican accent, an island 14 miles long and a quarter-mile wide, joined to the mainland by a narrow bridge.

Sunk into the Caribbean up to its white-sand skirts, Cancún features some of the clearest waters in the entire world. Looking toward the gin-clear sea is a string of impressive hotels—the Cancún Caribe, El Presidente, the Aristos, the Bojorquez, the Playa Blanca, the Maya Caribe, the Parador, the Garza Blanca, and, of course, the Camino Real. Soon others will appear. Already ground has been broken for the 700-room Marriott, which will be the biggest of the lot. Simultaneously, construction is commenc-

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La República Dominicana. People like it for what it's not.

It's not "touristy." Almost any Caribbean vacation spot can offer you a few secluded beaches. La República Dominicana has 270 miles of them—some stretches so inviolate that you can shed your swimsuit along with your city-bred uptightness.

La República Dominicana is a country in the building. But it's not all built up. At least, not yet.

It does boast some of the newest hotels in the Caribbean. And some of the best restaurants. And an international airport that's only 3½ hours from New York, 2 from Miami. And a fiendishly tricky Pete Dye golf course that's most often compared to Pebble Beach. And splashes of native son Oscar de la Renta's colorful decor almost everywhere.

With all of this, it's not over-priced. You can still get a first-class hotel room for $12 a day. Or drive into the countryside and buy a pineapple for 25 cents... a freshly picked avocado for a dime.

Above all, La República Dominicana is not hostile. It's a country at peace with itself. And the people have been unaffected by visitors and high pressure tourism.

It is, quite frankly, a little behind the times. All of its beauties have not yet blossomed. The Jet Set hasn't discovered it yet. Not quite yet. So it's not the Caribbean country for everybody.

For you? Ask your Travel Agent, mail the coupon or call **(212) 826-0750.**

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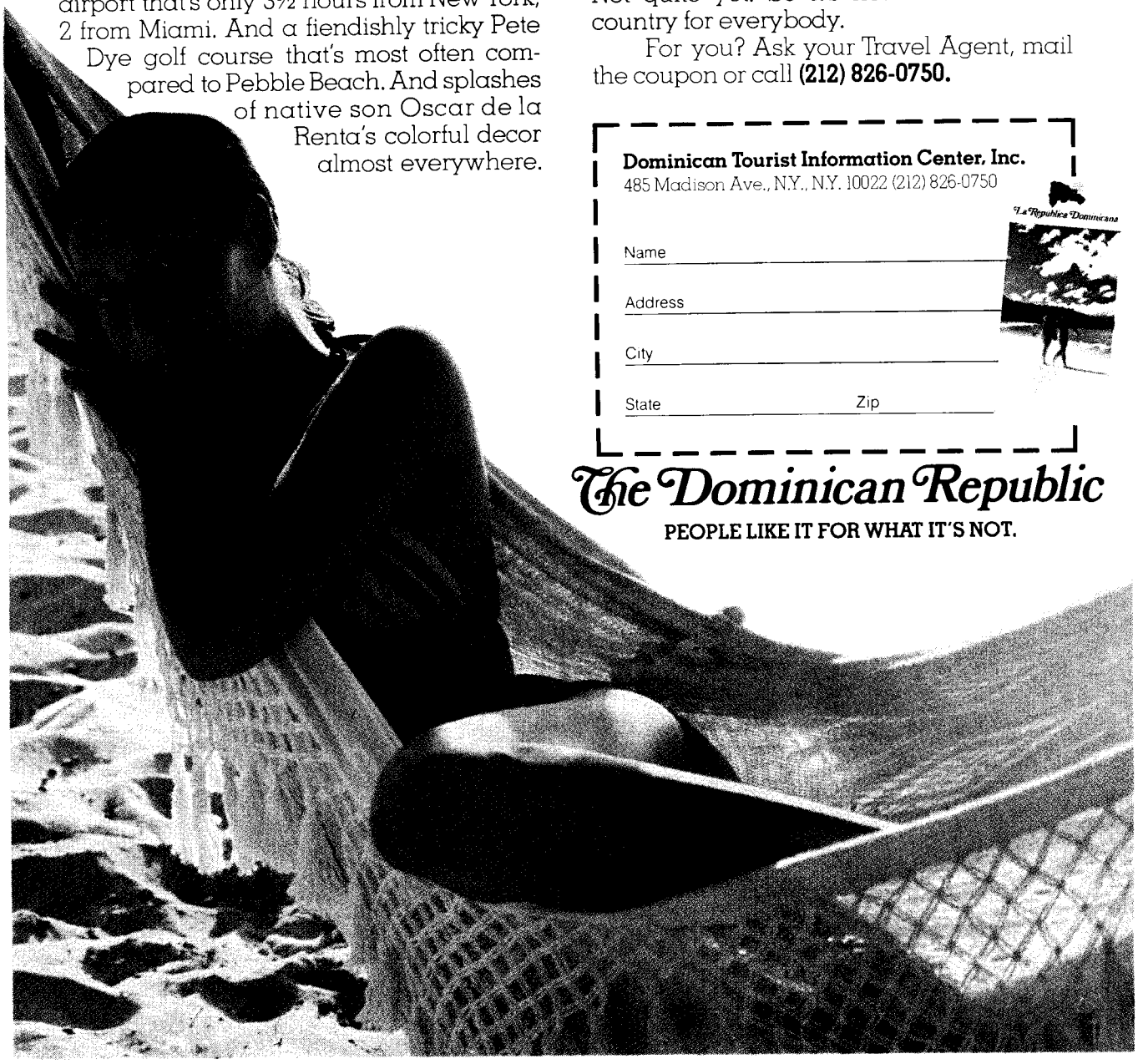

The Dominican Republic

PEOPLE LIKE IT FOR WHAT IT'S NOT.

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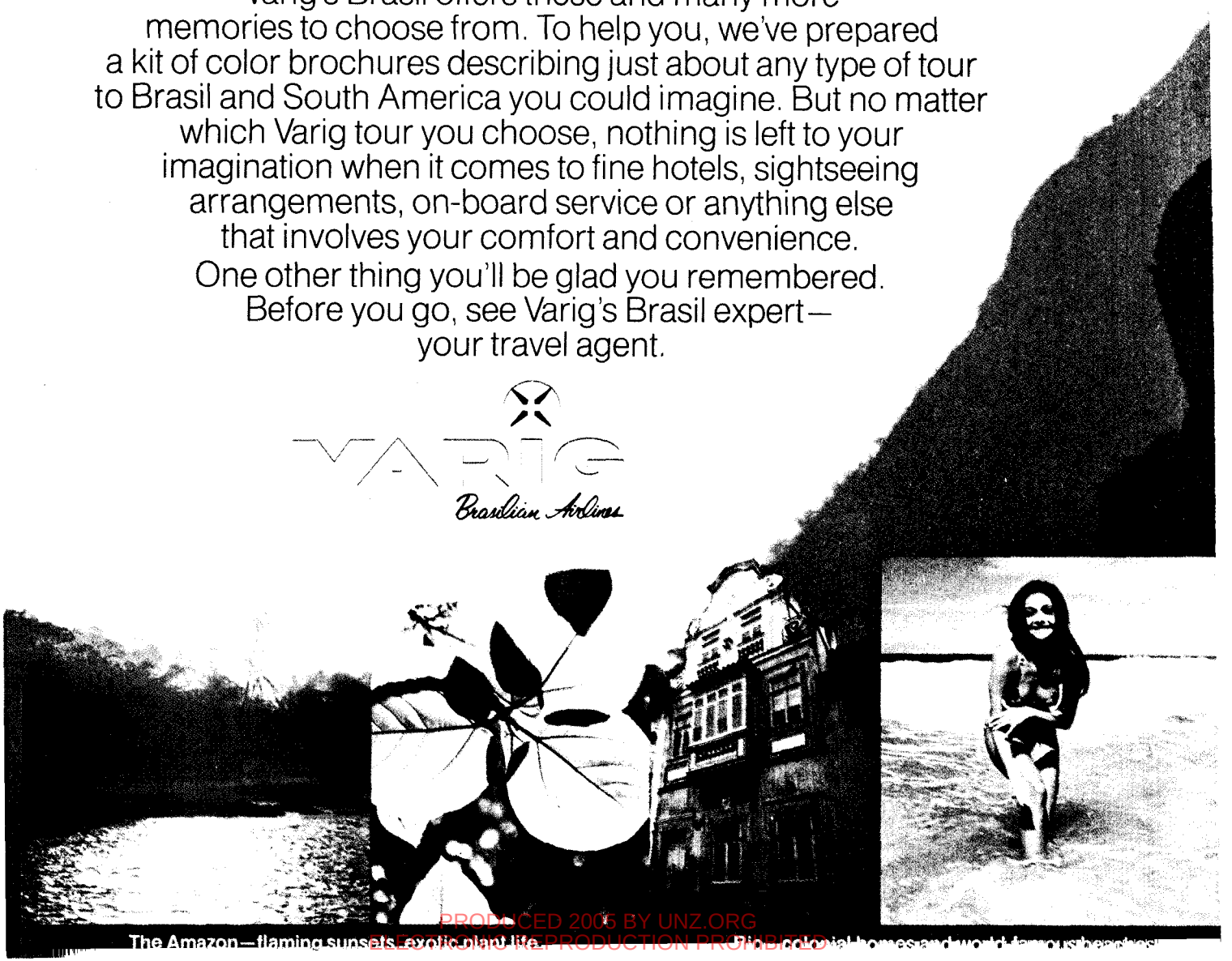

The Amazon—flaming sunsets, exotic plant life, colonial homes and world-famous beaches!

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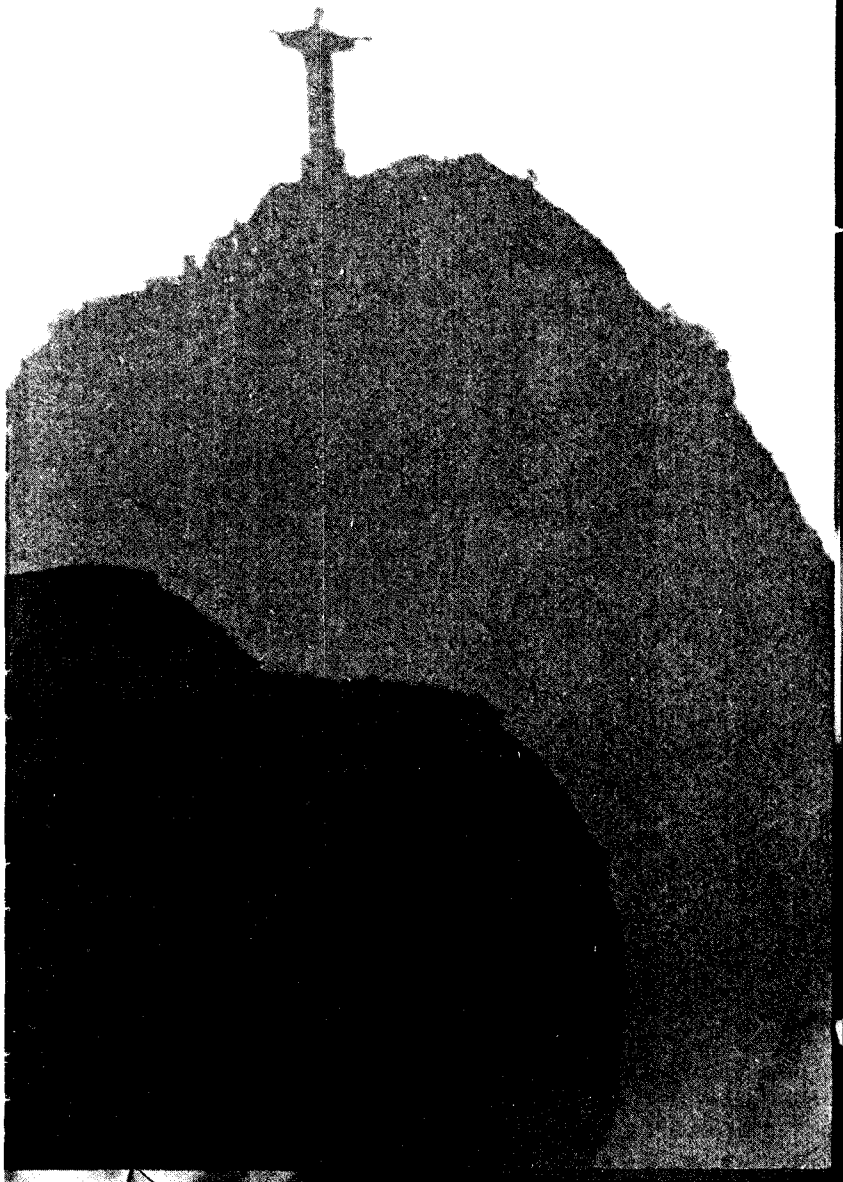

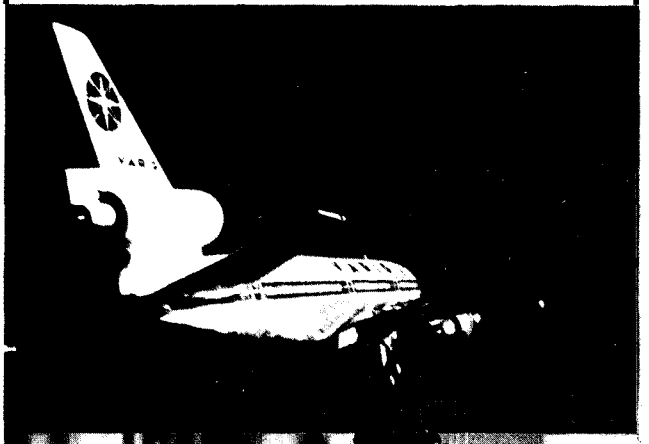

Jangadas"—typical fishing boats.

The Toucan—funny and friendly.

Carnival in Brasil—the greatest show on earth.

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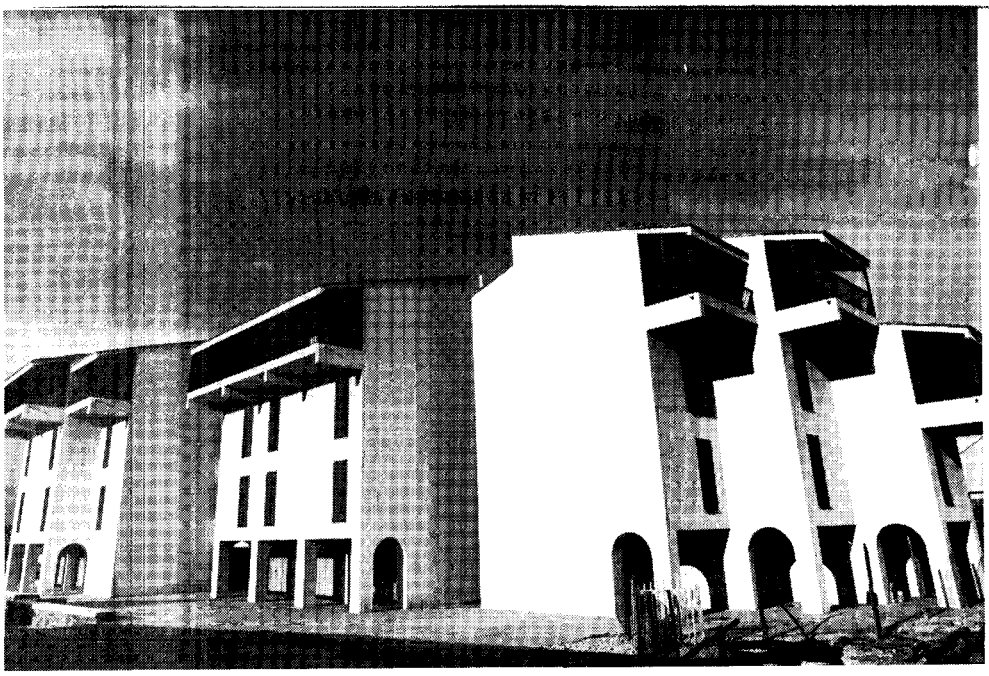

George Lang

Porto Carras—"It is essential for every man to leave some achievement behind."

ing on the island's second golf course. Also newly opened is the Cancún Club Mediterranée, the sleekest resort in Club Med's chain (600 rooms, swimming pools, tennis courts, and luxurious gardens).

I should caution, however, that a stay in Cancún is not cheap. When I visited it this winter, rooms at the Camino Real were $60 a day. Prices were a bit more reasonable at the flashy Cancún Caribe: $44 a day single, and $48 double. These, of course, were winter rates. In all cases meals were extra.

But to get back to the question, Is Cancún ready for the vacationer? Well, that all depends. If one arrives with a convention group that has locked up an entire hotel, that is well and good. But it can be another matter for an individual to beg shelter, as evidenced by my own experience at El Presidente.

Although I possessed a guaranteed reservation, the clerk merely shrugged, "Sorry, señor, we are full up."

"But my confirmation . . . ?"

He shook his head and said, "Please, why don't you try the Camino Real?"

It is no surprise that Cancún has been an instant success. There have been raves from dozens of writers as well as from the publicists. If I have any complaint, it involves hotel services—which range from poor to worse. I suppose the employees can be forgiven. Until recently, their only contact with tourists was with those who came to explore the Mayan ruins of Tulum, Chichén-Itzá, Coba, Aku-mal, and Izamal. Still, I prefer their awkwardness to the surliness one sometimes encounters at some of the more sophisticated resorts. Cancún is new and refreshingly unspoiled. Given time, it will work, and well.

JERRY HULSE

BAJA CALIFORNIA: A new stretch of pavement is inching its way across the peninsula from Ensenada on the Pacific coast to Crucero La Trinidad, about 31 miles north of San Felipe, on the Sea of Cortés. This unpublicized road will thus connect Highway 1 and Highway 5, making possible a magnificent 460-mile loop by passenger car around a vast section of northern Baja that was previously accessible only by four-wheel drive. About 40 miles of pavement must still be completed before the new road across the peninsula reaches Crucero La Trinidad. We recently traveled those 40 miles in our VW—gingerly and provided with camping gear in case we got stuck. It was one of the most magnificently lonely stretches of Baja we had ever seen.

Tourism is only the spin-off benefit of Mexico's new roads. Their basic purpose is to bring communication, transportation, and hope of a new economic life to communities isolated since the padres traveled Baja more than a bicentennial ago. The challenge, as always, will be to bring new life without destroying the old.

We avoid Transpeninsular Highway 1 on weekends and high-traffic holiday times, and Easter Week can bring bumper-to-bumper campers. We like to carry bicycles on our rear bumper. The 125 miles of highway from Ensenada to Bahía San Quintín particularly tempts us to take to two wheels instead of four. Our system is that one of us goes ahead by bicycle. The other rests, writes, suns, or photographs for a few hours. We can both enjoy being alone for a bit, without experiencing the loneliness of knowing that no one will be coming along to join us.

Camping gear is no longer a necessity along Highway 1. The government has strung out five El Presidente resorts along the way to supplement private motels, and six more are planned. The world has few other places where one can feel so much like an explorer while traveling in comfort from the vineyards of Santo Tomás Valley to the Mars-like wastes of Vizcaíno Desert and the verdant tropical mirages of Mulegé, just above the shimmering waters of Bahía de la Concepción.

FRANK RILEY

DOMINICAN REPUBLIC: One couldn't call it a new place; Columbus, that ubiquitous tourist, sailed into port in 1492. But the new political stability has encouraged all sorts of tourist investment. The country, which, with Haiti, occupies part of the island of Hispaniola, is emerging as the new place. The people are, as yet anyway, unspoiled. The prices are, as yet, uninflated. The country is, as yet, unsullied. The 7,000-acre resort (*SR*, April 5, 1975) called Costasur, built by Gulf & Western, has been running near full capacity all winter. It offers championship golf, a big tennis complex, a corral staffed by Dominican cowboys, beautiful beaches, and enough beautiful people in the surrounding homes to make the place sparkle with notoriety.

In Santo Domingo, Gulf & Western's redone Hispaniola will be joined this spring by Loews Dominicana, a 320-room cantonment on the Paseo de los Indios, a quiet park 10 minutes from the business bustle of the city center. It has all the amenities: Olympic pool, Olympic-sized convention center, eight-court tennis complex with a stadium, shops, restaurants, and saunas. Sheraton arrives early next year. A Spanish company, Inter-Luz, is already on hand in the old city, operating a colonial gem called the Nicolás de Ovando—60 rooms in Conquistador style.

A major beach resort to be underwritten by the Inter-American Development Bank is planned at Boca Chica,

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Doing it The French Way.

The celebrity's guide to France.

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Peter Duchin: *"When in the wine country of St. Emilion–have dinner at the Hostellerie de Plaisance. Order steak broiled over grape roots. Fabulous. And a wine to have with the meal–Chateau Montalbert."*

Margaux Hemingway: *"Near St. Germain is a place I love to shop–France Faver. Hand-made clothes. Simple cotton dresses in romantic styles. Huge hats with feathers, ribbons, and flowers. And not that expensive. Really. When I was married in Paris last year, I bought my wedding dress there. And my shoes. And a hat."*

Miles Davis: *"It's been said that I was famous for playing a whole lot of music with a few notes and for saying a lot with few words.*

My favorite place in Paris–the Left Bank. My favorite jazz place–The Slow Club."

Duke and Duchess of Bedford: *"You'll adore the soufflé of cuisses de grenouilles at Illhaeusern. Another delicious experience is the best ice cream in Paris at La Bourgogne on Ile St. Louis."*

Andy Warhol: *"I love Paris for candy. First stop, Fouquet's for 'at home' basics. Then, Fauchon for office presents. Next, Aux Etats-Unis, on the Rue Saint Honoré, for candy for my dog, Archie. Finally, hot chocolate at Angelina's, my favorite restaurant in Paris because it has a candy store."*

Carol Channing: *"The first morning in Paris, I have my hair done at the 'social intelligence center' of Paris –Edouard & Frédéric. But one doesn't live by badinage alone. I always catch the experimental theatre of Jean-Louis Barrault's company at Gare d'Orsay."*

S.J. Perelman: *"Art is long, life is short, and writing drudgery, but if one must do it, I know no better place than the superb rural scenery of south central France. My secret Rx for tranquillity is a small hotel there named Les Granges Vieilles outside Souillac. The blend of hospitality, cuisine, and comfort achieved by M. Guy Augey, the alchemist who dispenses it, is unrivalled in my experience...Ooops, now look what I've gone and done! I shouldn't have blown it."*

John Lindsay: *"Last time my wife Mary, our son Johnny and I were in Paris–Johnny and I climbed to the top of Notre-Dame. What a climb! But the view is always worth it. That evening, we all had dinner at a favorite spot–Quasimodo. We had the snails. As usual, superb."*

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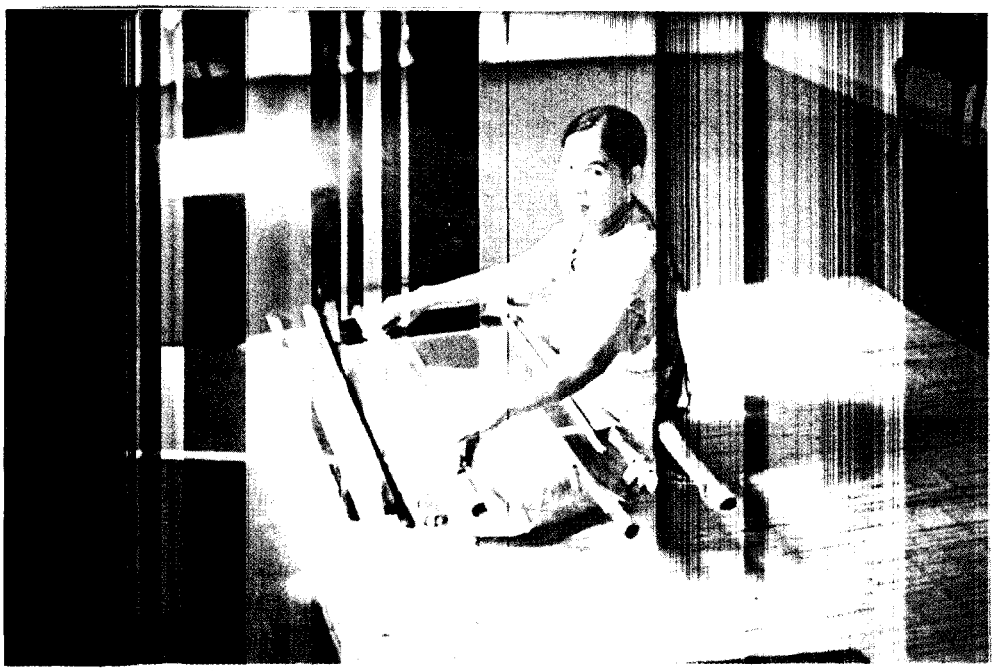

Svarga Associates

Silk weaver in Kalimantan—"The mythogenesis of a headhunter's isle didn't die."

Sea bather in Micronesia—"Travel quotas to protect a tiny isle from inundation."

Staver & Scott

near Santo Domingo. In the eastern precincts of the island, labor lawyer Theodore Kheel is expanding his Punta Cana Club from 23 cabanas to 66, representing a new investment of $800,000. A $10 million project is under way at Samaná, a favorite of President Balaguer. On the north coast an $88 million plan for a major tourist development—it would have to be major at that outlay—is under way at Puerto Plata. The scheme includes the building of an international airport to serve this so-called Amber Coast. With good fortune the Civil Aeronautics Board will not inhibit direct airline service as it did this winter, when it cancelled proposed direct service to Cancún from New York via Air France.

HORACE SUTTON

PORTO CARRAS: While on a yachting trip with friends in 1963, John C. Carras, the multimillionaire shipping tycoon (now a land baron), sailed the waters washing the northern part of Greece and, soon after, bought 4,500 acres of poor, neglected, bush-and-vine-covered farmland on which to build Porto Carras, one of the largest resorts ever contemplated.

The scenario is not unfamiliar. A similar cruise to the Virgin Islands, undertaken by Laurance Rockefeller years ago, resulted in the creation of Caneel Bay Plantation, a resort that was to expand into a whole string of playgrounds known as Rockresorts. Similarly, a yachting trip to Sardinia convinced Karim Aga Khan that he ought to build a resort on the eastern coast of that island, a complex now called Costa Smeralda.

Neither the Aga Khan's venture nor that of Laurance Rockefeller was planned at the outset on the scale contemplated by John Carras. On a 4,500-acre estate extending along six and one-half miles of the Aegean coast, Carras is putting together the resort of Porto Carras. An assortment of hotels, a congress hall that will seat 3,000, a marina for 150 yachts, 15 tennis courts, and facilities for children, as Carras says, "to keep them happy and to keep their families happy that they are away," are part of the plan.

Carras found his property almost by accident. When his yachting party came ashore to visit a small village of some 600 people, he learned from the owner of the town's only coffee shop that the young people were leaving for Germany or for America to find jobs. Only the old

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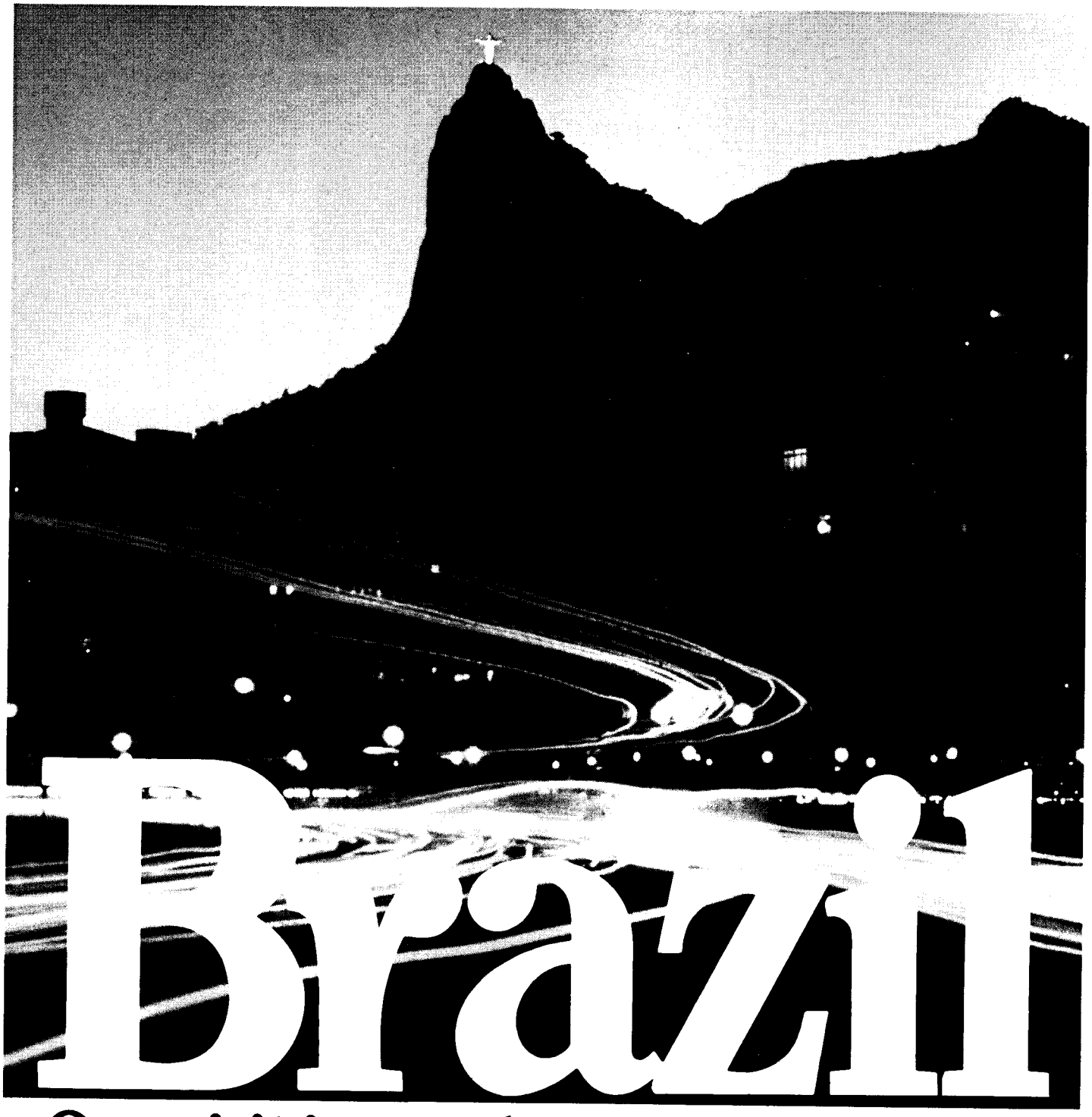

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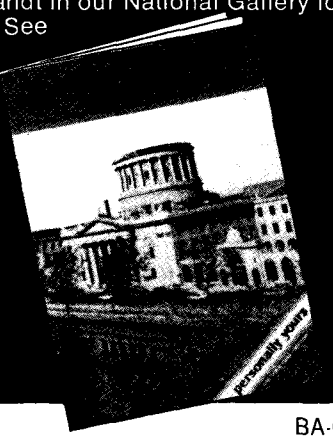

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people were left. Carras decided to buy property for a summer home, a move that inspired other landowners to offer their real estate for sale.

John Carras's villa, which overlooks his immense resort, has the style of what he calls "monastic architecture," to reflect the influence that the monastery of Mt. Athos has had over the region for more than a thousand years. His villa, he declares, was built not so much as a place to be lived in but for the ambience it gives the region, an order and a rhythm for future builders to emulate.

Carras comes from a long line of maritime people (his family celebrated 100 years of service last year) and is reputed to rank among the wealthiest of the golden Greeks. Why is he building this resort at this stage in his life? He believes that it is essential for every man to leave some kind of achievement behind him: "Teaching others by your actions to accomplish something . . . a dream, an idea, whatever you want to call it. . . . To create is what is important." How much money one has is unimportant, he says. It is essential that every man leave some kind of achievement behind him. So much for motivation. Porto Carras opens next year. Meanwhile, the floating phase of the Carras venture into the world of the traveler is already in high gear on the high seas. (See "At Sea," p. 46).

DALE REMINGTON

MICRONESIA: The Senate resolution to fragment Micronesia by creating a Northern Marianas Commonwealth—primarily to preserve the priorities of a U. S. Air Force base—has passed in Congress. While the political, economic, and military tugging goes on concerning the future status of what is at least nominally the Trust Territory of Micronesia, tourism has been playing the unusual role of helping—with no such intent—to foster a sense of nationhood among 90,000 people scattered halfway across the central Pacific.

By flying its jets on a regular schedule, Continental's Air Micronesia has, for the first time, made possible communication and travel between the islands at intervals of less than months, years, or even generations. The Congress of Micronesia has heard a new concept of tourism—setting up reasonable travel quotas in order to protect a tiny, fragile island from being inundated by Japanese and U. S. travelers in search of new destinations. Another proposal is for an oceanic park

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system to protect the natural heritage of the Micronesians from being overexploited in an overdeveloped world.

Increasingly, gracious accommodations are being developed that will allow the more venturesome traveler to visit these hauntingly beautiful islands while they are still too far off any regular tourist track to require quota protection. Air Micronesia now has fine facilities on Truk and Palau as well as on Guam and Saipan. The buildings fit the island landscapes. Palau Continental, however, has introduced a color TV set for its guests; why anyone would rather look at TV than at the rock islands in the lagoon is a puzzlement. Smaller hotels are also being built—the new Majuro has just opened on the island of Majuro. And on other islands local people are building indigenous-style accommodations. A personal choice is the Pohnpei on the high rainforest island of Ponape: 11 thatched cottages with private garden baths. They're near a Polynesian village and overlook Sokehs Rock, a promontory more dramatic than Hawaii's Diamond Head. It is yours for about $16.50, double.

FRANK RILEY

KALIMANTAN: You won't leave your head in Borneo today, but you could very easily lose a little of your heart to Kalimantan. When Borneo became Kalimantan during the still-emerging nationhood of the Indonesian islands, the mythogenesis of a headhunter's isle didn't die with the changing of a name. But it didn't take us long after arriving here last summer to realize that we were among the most genuinely warm and welcoming people to be encountered anywhere in the contemporary traveler's world. And we quickly learned that even pre-Kalimantan Borneo was much more than a few remote tribes of Stone Age headhunters.

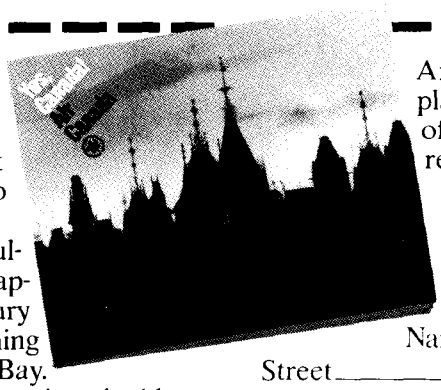
We didn't know what to expect when we flew across the Java Sea from Djakarta, where Indonesian tourism officials couldn't even give us the name of a hotel in Bandjarmasin. Kalimantan is far down the list of Indonesian tourism priorities. It isn't scheduled for any national attention until well into the Eighties. Scarcely 1,600 foreign visitors came to Kalimantan last year. Most were Japanese, Australian, and American seekers of oil and timber, bound for Balikpapan and Samarinda on the east coast of Kalimantan.

The airport at Bandjarmasin is in a cut of jungle about 20 miles from the city. Long stretches of the narrow road leading from the airport are flanked by canals filled with water lilies and lotus blossoms. Women interrupted in the act of bathing ducked their faces under water—sometimes forgetting that the rest of them, jeweled with droplets of water, was still exposed to the sunlight.

Inquiries brought us to Hotel Sahs, a pleasant grouping of 12 rooms around an open patio and a semi-enclosed dining area. The entire staff of a half-dozen young Bandjarese and Javanese, wearing trim, blue uniform jackets, stood in line to welcome us and thank us for coming to Bandjarmasin. Our room was six dollars, including breakfasts. It had a window air conditioner and a small, blue-tile tub.

Two characters out of a Maugham story had rooms on each side of ours. One was a Japanese entrepreneur on a never-stated mission. On our other side was a handsome North Sumatran who had just packaged himself as sales repre-

Read any great vacations lately?



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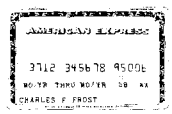

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SR3-20

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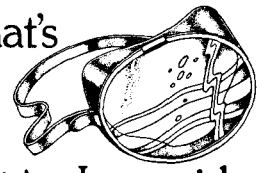
I love my side of Barbados because there isn't anything I want to do that I can't do there.

I can scuba dive in water that's clear as the air.



I can ride a horse on the beach or bet on one at the track.

I can drink island rum, eat in really good restaurants, sip fresh coconut milk.

And, best of all, my side of Barbados is right next to hers.

BARBADOS

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sentative for some 20 lumber mills scattered along waterways far up into the jungle.

Borneo, the largest of the Indonesian islands—larger, in fact, than all of Japan—wasn't in the mainstream of migrations that began from China and Southeast Asia more than 40,000 years ago. It was, however, a quiet eddy that caught its share of each passing culture. In northern Borneo magnificently cast dragon gongs were obviously patterned after those of China. A beautiful Dyak drum called the *kledi* is so ancient a musical instrument that it is presumed to have come with the first Dyaks from Further India.

The richly decorative and often allegorical Dong-Son culture that deeply influenced Indonesia for much of the first millennium B.C. marked the traditional dances, music, and costumes of Bandjarmasin, the capital city of South Kalimantan. But when the old civilizations were swept aside by early Western colonialism, Borneo was left to wait, through long, silent centuries, for the coming of the geologist, the oil and mining engineer, and the captains of the timber industry.

Gatot, one of two Sahs employees who could speak English, offered to be our guide for travels around South Kalimantan. "How much?" I asked. He looked surprised. "No charge. I am wanting you to be happy here."

Bandjarmasin, a slow-paced Asian city with about 350,000 of South Kalimantan's estimated 1,699,000 people, is what Bangkok must have been early in this century. Much of the life is lived on and along narrow canals and on the wide, murky-brown Barito River. Bicycles and bicycle-powered pedicabs outnumber automobiles by at least a thousand to one. Soldiers of the military governor play basketball beside the main street before the sun climbs too high. Tennis is big with the Bandjarese merchant class. Their children go to the local university. The South Kalimantan Tourist Development Board, failing to get any national funds, had just managed to prepare its first "Welcome to . . ." brochure. The board's resources also included one copy of a South Kalimantan map. It was handed over to us without question, to be used until we could prepare our own copy.

Gatot found a driver who would take us to the end of a rugged mountain road. From there we crossed a vast lake and went on up a river for two hours by longboat, a wooden craft about 25 feet long and 4 feet wide. It required deft handling in whitecaps. A barefoot little man bailed cheerfully in order to combat persistent seepage, a condition sometimes exacerbated by a submerged tree.

Our goal was Happing, a village where people pan for diamonds in the same way that California's Forty-Niners panned for gold. On the morning we arrived, a 20-year-old panner had made his first strike—two carats of sparkle that would bring a million rupiah in the diamond-cutting town of Martapura. One can't measure the meaning of this find by a rate of exchange that converts a million rupiah into $2,500. Gatot's monthly wage at the Sahs translates into about $20.

There's no comprehension in Happing of the concept of "security." The diamond was passed casually from hand to hand. We were received with the same unquestioning trust. That's why it can break one's heart to hear of the people on the east side of the island, who brought a million feet of logs down the river on the promise that Japanese ships would be there to receive them. The price of lumber dropped, and the ships never came. I hope there can still be a Happing spirit when Kalimantan's incredible resources of coal, manganese, and gold—as well as oil and timber—begin to be tapped.

Back at Sahs that night, lovely Bandjarese girls were assembled to dance for us to the sound of instruments that were old when Marco Polo came to the Indies. For our departure the manager of Sahs wrote a long message of gratitude and farewell. He stood at attention with his entire staff while Gatot translated it with frequent resort to "et cetera and et cetera" for sentiments of the heart difficult to express in a language not his own.

FRANK RILEY

Contributors: Robert S. Kane writes the *A to Z* travel books, a 10-volume series of which the latest is *Hawaii A to Z*. Jerry Hulse is the travel editor of the *Los Angeles Times* and an aficionado of warm-weather places. His book, *Jody*, will be published by McGraw-Hill this fall. David Butwin, the travel editor of this magazine from 1968 to 1972, is a free-lance writer who specializes in travel writing. Dale Remington is a veteran broadcaster. Frank Riley, an inveterate voyager, writes for *Los Angeles Magazine* and contributes a travel column to newspapers.

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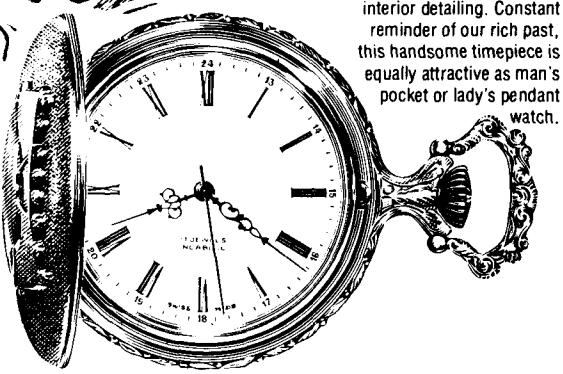

Full, open view of **Henniker's Bicentennial Watch,** showing its interior detailing. Constant reminder of our rich past, this handsome timepiece is equally attractive as man's pocket or lady's pendant watch.

Back in my day not very many people could afford a good pocket watch and frankly most of those that were around weren't worth a hoot. Many of them looked pretty enough and were passed along from father to son. They weren't so good about keeping time—but it didn't make all that much difference, because those were more leisurely days and an hour later or earlier wasn't that important.

Henniker's scores another first and strikes a blow for liberty

But now, 200 years later, Henniker's has come up with a truly magnificent watch, commemorating the exciting events in which I was able to take part. **Henniker's Bicentennial Watch** shows Philadelphia's Liberty Bell on its front cover, with every detail—down to the inspiring inscription—painstakingly wrought in high relief. And on the back, in that same careful high relief work, our proud American Eagle is about to take flight from its rocky perch. Both sides are stunning in their realism and glory. Finish is 12-kt gold-plated, old gold color that will never tarnish nor wear off. Rim of case carries that elaborate scrollwork that was so popular in my day and which is so much back in vogue now. Cover is spring-loaded—just push button and it snaps open.

And, naturally it is an outstanding timepiece

Henniker's spared no detail and no expense with the works of the watch. And of course, they shouldn't. Because you will proudly want to wear the **Bicentennial Watch** every day and for every occasion and you will want to pass it on to your son. The watch is powered by the best Swiss 17-jewel movement that money can buy. The works are cushioned by Incabloc,® which makes the watch just about as shockproof as anything can be. It's anti-magnetic, of course. There is a sweep-second hand. We didn't have that in my day, and it is something extra-special in a pocket watch even today.

Let Me Hold the Bicentennial Watch for You—for just $1!

Watchmakers are now busy in Switzerland assembling Bicentennial Watches for Henniker's. A new shipment will be here in about four weeks. Henniker's is going to give this watch top billing in one of their forthcoming catalogs and, depending on how the Swiss franc behaves between now and then, the price will be either $59.95 or $69.95. But if you send your "layaway dollar" now, your **guaranteed price will be only $49.95!** You get a receipt immediately. As soon as the watches come in, in about four weeks, Henniker's will notify you, ask you for the balance (or permission to charge your BA or MC account) and mail the watch right out to you.

You know what Poor Richard said about that penny saved and earned, and that of course goes in spades for $10 or $20 saved. So here is your chance to be thrifty and to get a truly magnificent watch for a lifetime of faithful service. And at all times it will remind you of the glorious days of our Nation's birth.

Dear Friend,

We usually keep a small supply of Bicentennial Watches on hand for over-the-counter sale in our San Francisco store. If you prefer, send full payment for immediate shipment from stock or call (415) 433-7540 with your BA or MC number. I shall include **12" antiqued Waldemar Chain** with my compliments. I shall return your check immediately if our emergency stock should be exhausted.

Ben

henniker's

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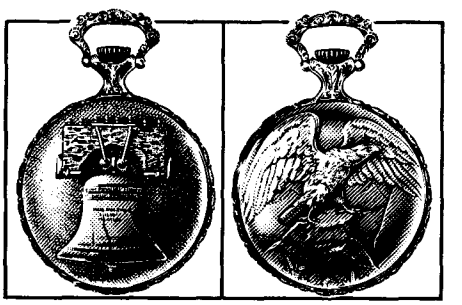

Front and back of Henniker's **Bicentennial Commemorative Watch** showing in high relief and loving detail Philadelphia's Liberty Bell and American Eagle. Case is 12-kt. gold-plated, 2 inches in diameter, old gold color that won't tarnish or wear off. 17-jewel Swiss movement, Incabloc® protected.

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YES I include $_____, each dollar to reserve one **Bicentennial Commemorative Watch.** I understand that I shall get a receipt immediately and that the watches will be available within about four weeks. At that time you will notify me for remitting balance or permission to charge my BA or MC account. Bicentennial Watch has 2-week return privilege and is guaranteed for one year for parts and workmanship. Lay-away price is $49.95 (including the dollar I send now), plus $1.00 for postage and insurance (plus sales tax for Calif. delivery).

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Busy day at the Trinidad Hilton—"Making possible a pair of annual vacations."

2. In the Air

THE NEW PACKAGES: The operative word is *innovation*; the object is to skirt obstacles like inflation and high-priced fuel by means of new types of aircraft, new ways to cut costs, new methods of clustering travelers, and new charter regulations.

With a week in London now possible for three or four hundred dollars, hotel rooms and breakfasts a part of the deal, there should not be any dearth of participants. Not when the regular, peak-season round-trip economy fare, from New York to London, is $764, with neither bed nor *café complet* as sweeteners.

Of the new developments, the one with the most appeal is a transport-and-hotel scheme whose advocates vow that it will make possible not one but at least a pair of annual vacations to distant parts. It is called One-Stop Inclusive Tour Charter or, more popularly, OTC. Mind, though, it is still a fledgling.

Travel agents, airlines, and experienced travelers agree that the OTC has not come to be understood by the consumer or accepted by the smaller agents with anything like the alacrity that was anticipated when the Civil Aeronautics Board (CAB) approved it last fall. The OTC plan can drastically diminish the cost of travel by more conventional methods. The idea is to return the regular traveler to the travel lanes and bring in a whole new group that has never before journeyed to distant parts.

The principal requisite is that the package include daily hotel accommodations costing at least $15. Sometimes the tab comes close to that low figure because organizers buy hotel space wholesale, just as they rent entire airplanes, which fly to specified destinations back-to-back, during a sustained period.

For the first time in the United States, the individual traveler may become a part of a charter to a single destination, without being a member—phony or otherwise—of a club, without having to sign up for an inordinately long period in advance (the time is 15 days for destinations in North America and vicinity; 30 days, for the rest of the planet), and without having to be away for a long period. (North American OTCs can be as short as three nights; others are a minimum of a week in duration, with no restrictions on length.)

Additionally, the Civil Aeronautics Board has imposed stringent bonding requirements on charter operators to avoid any fly-by-night operators and the subsequent strandings of the past. OTCs are offered to a variety of destinations from gateways across the United States. They are sold exclusively through travel agents. Airlines cannot sell OTCs directly to the public.

Though travelers throughout the country may benefit from OTC's flight, people who live in heartland areas have the most to gain as the OTC means direct service, which was never before available to a wide range of destinations. For example, Caribbean Suntrack Holidays, a Midwestern OTC operator, is offering packages out of 10 Midwestern cities, including Minneapolis, St. Louis, Cincinnati, and Chicago. A scheduled flight from Indianapolis to Trinidad takes seven and one-half hours and requires a change of plane. With a Caribbean Suntrack OTC, trip time is cut almost in half, not to speak of the dollar savings. And, for a per-person price (double occupancy) of $389, the traveler receives round-trip jet fare via Pan American, accommodations at the Trinidad Hilton for seven nights, round-trip airport-hotel transfers, a rum-cocktail welcome, a walking tour, fruit and flowers in the room, a sauna session, tips and taxes.

As yet, relatively few departures are from the Far West. Many more tours are filed with the CAB than materialize. There is little likelihood that the customer will lose money as a consequence, thanks to cheap cancellation insurance easily purchased from travel agents and financially sound booking procedures whereby passengers' payments are usually held in escrow bank accounts until the plane actually soars into the air. But vacations can be spoiled if cancellations come too late for the traveler to book himself on another holiday for the time he had earmarked. It is all part of what one pays for travel at a price. So is the homework required on the

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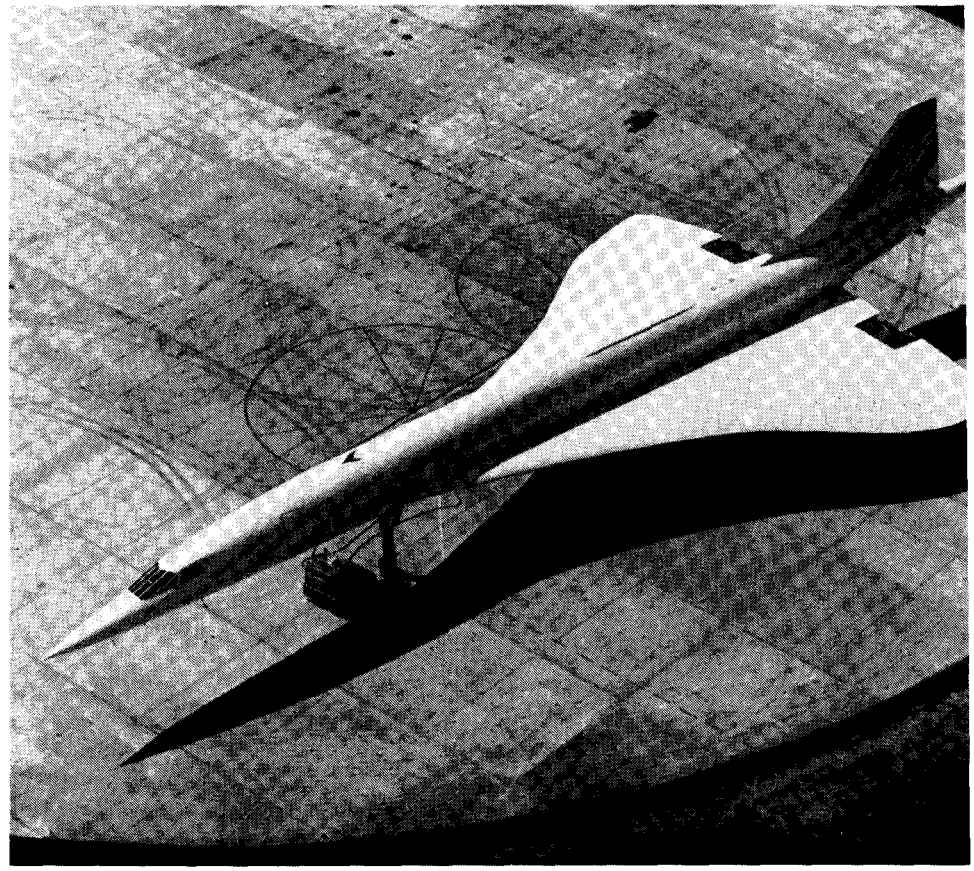
traveler's part. He's going to have to research the hotels offered, ideally selecting an OTC using places that are centrally and conveniently located—which is infrequently the case with the new hotels springing up around the globe for group business.

He's also going to have to go beyond the brochures and look into lesser known destinations that are popular on OTCs. It will be worth his while to know, for example, that the Canary Islands can be cold, foggy, and dreary in winter (I speak here from experience) if the hotels used are in locations other than the newer Maspalomas area of Gran Canaria Island's south coast. It might be valuable to appreciate, too, the fact that essentially bland El Salvador has nothing like the extraordinarily rich Indian cultures of neighboring Guatemala, which has yet to enter the OTC scene.

Destinations are a major OTC matter, because they may be scheduled for only those countries that agree to admit them —at least theoretically. In Europe approvals have come from Belgium and Switzerland, from post-junta Greece, post-Franco Spain, and post-Salazar Portugal. Packagers appear so confident of British, French, and Italian OTC approval that they're already selling trips to those countries. Jamaica is the most popular Caribbean OTC point. (Its government is setting up a special department to handle the reception of OTC groups.) Hong Kong is the focus in Asia. Rio de Janeiro is the place in South America. And Las Vegas and Hawaii are the most popular domestic destinations.



Air France

Controversial Concorde—"Window panes don't crack in Canarsie; cats don't abort."

ONE CANNOT GO anywhere on an OTC. The program is still so new that packagers are concentrating on money-making spots with mass appeal. Still, value can be so good that the OTC is worthy of investigation even by the seasoned repeat traveler. It is worth noting that one is completely on one's own upon arrival and that leading scheduled airlines, as well as charter carriers, are heavily into OTC programs. The former group includes TWA (which has a brand-new charter department), Pan American (which has long experience in charters), American, and United from the United States; and Aeromexico, Air France, British Airways, KLM, and Swissair from abroad.

Here are some sample trips and fares using OTC: London, with hotel for seven nights, daily breakfast, and Overseas National jets, costs from $329 to $349 round-trip from New York. Using TWA and ONA, some week-long Riviera packages, with the hotel the recently opened, luxury-category Loews Monte Carlo, cost $469 from New York but more from other points including St. Louis.

Flying from Chicago, Memphis, Denver, Salt Lake City, Oklahoma City, Dallas, New Orleans, or New York to Tahiti and back, with luxury-category hotel accommodations for seven nights and transportation via World Airways costs less than $600. Ten hotel nights and round-trip jet passage to Hong Kong from Boston, Hartford, Philadelphia, Washington, or New York costs $699.

It's not only the OTCs that are buys. Domestically, on the busy New York–Florida route, the trio of carriers on the run—Eastern, National, and Delta—are flying meal-less, no-frills flights from Monday to Thursday through June for $63 one way. Even farther-reaching are the promotional fares tying in with the Bicentennial, offered throughout their systems by American, TWA, and United. The savings is 30 percent on daytime flights if the visit is from 7 to 30 days and the ticket is bought at least 14 days before departure; the offer is valid through May 31, 1976, and from September 16 to January 31, 1977.

Last year Pan American, TWA, and American Airlines swapped some routes and phased out others for economy reasons, but spokesmen for both of these lines maintain that, by and large, little passenger inconvenience has resulted. (Pan American concedes that at peak periods, on certain major routes, seats are at a premium.)

The end of 1975 saw the beginning of service on the wide-bodied Airbus, European-built by a four-nation consortium with GE motors from America. The Airbus is unique in that in this hemisphere at least—Air France flies it from New York to Martinique and Guadeloupe—it's all-economy, with 262 eight-abreast seats separated by a pair of aisles. Its advantages are the quietest of all jet engines and low-fuel consumption.

Substantial savings will be available next month when Laker Airways begins regular flights aboard DC-10s from JFK to Gatwick (for London) and Manchester in England and to Prestwick,

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SUPERSONICS: The question of commercial supersonic flight has turned otherwise sensible persons into slavering, hand-wringing hysterics. Many of the arguments that were mounted to defeat the U. S. supersonic airplane, presented to the Congress at the height of the turn toward environmental awareness, have been dusted off and are being used now to thwart Concorde. Its sideline noise—that is, its noise on the runway—has been termed deafening. The sonic boom is said to frighten fish, scare cats, and unnerve humans. Its excrescences, some insist, will peel back the ozone layer, permitting a higher incidence of skin cancer. There was even talk, during the U.S. SST debate, of a "greenhouse effect," the thinned ozone, allowing the sun to melt the polar ice caps and inundate the world.

During the recent debate Sen. Birch Bayh of Indiana came up with the old threat of broken window panes from sonic booms. Window glass was a casualty when Air Force supersonics were performing intricate combat maneuvers over the United States. But Concorde flies subsonically over land, at speeds no faster than present 600-mile-an-hour jets. It accelerates only over sea or wasteland. But during the period of increased supersonic travel during the past 10 years, the ozone layer, according to some tests, has increased, not decreased.

Whether Concorde is to operate into U. S. airports or not, it is assuredly flying to other places. Nothing was to stop the Russians from flying TU-144, already in service on the long run from Moscow to Alma-Ata in Kazakhstan, near the China border. Had we built our own prototypes, we could have tested for ourselves (and perhaps corrected) whatever environmental infractions supersonic flight creates.

That Concorde produces sideline noise louder than conventional subsonic jets is conceded; that it can be corrected in later models seems assured. Concorde has many advantages. Its cabin is pressurized down to 5,000 feet, rather than 7,000 feet in normal wide-bodied jets, making it less fatiguing. It gets there in half the sitting time, and it beats the clock as well

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as beating jet lag. During a 3-hour-and-33-minute flight from Washington to Paris that I made in 1973, I experienced no feeling of claustrophobia. There was no special feeling when the airplane reached mach 1, the speed of sound, or mach 2, aside from personal exhilaration. There were no uncommon sensations on takeoff at Dulles Airport or on landing at Orly, and no rough air at the 54,000-foot level we flew while supersonic.

In its initial operation of Concorde, British Airways chose Bahrain, deep in the heart of Arabia. There were three reasons: it gave immediate permission, it is in the heart of the oil lands with feeder routes to other oil-producing countries, and it is the perfect distance for Concorde—about 5,000 miles.

London-Bahrain is the first leg of a projected route that would carry Concorde on to Singapore and then to Melbourne, which immediately accepted the plane, whereas Sydney demurred. Such a route would require agreements from Singapore and from India, which would be overflown. Neither is in hand yet. The British would also like a route across Siberia, with a possible landing at Norilsk and then on to Tokyo, cutting the time from London to the Orient to seven hours.

The British are also eyeing a route from London to Johannesburg, but that would necessitate a stop in black Africa, ideally in Nigeria, which might balk at a service that terminates in South Africa. Putting their dividers on the map, British Airways operations people have come up with a midway stop somewhere in mid-ocean, perhaps at the island of Sal.

But Concorde was conceived with the North Atlantic in mind. With U. S. approval last month, there will be a rush to get into service. A 16-month trial period permits two flights daily, one British, one French, into Kennedy Airport in New York, and one flight daily, presumably alternating between British Airways and Air France, into Dulles Airport in Washington. Concorde may well be a reality on the North Atlantic by late spring or early summer. If, during the trial period, window panes don't crack in Canarsie and pregnant cats don't abort, supersonic travel will have arrived. Airframe manufacturers, including those in the United States, will be developing bigger, quieter, and even faster supersonics before moving on toward rocket travel.

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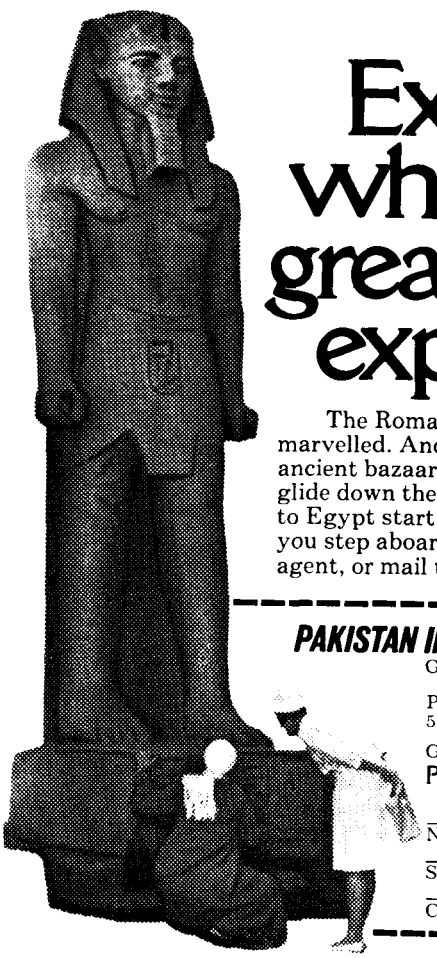

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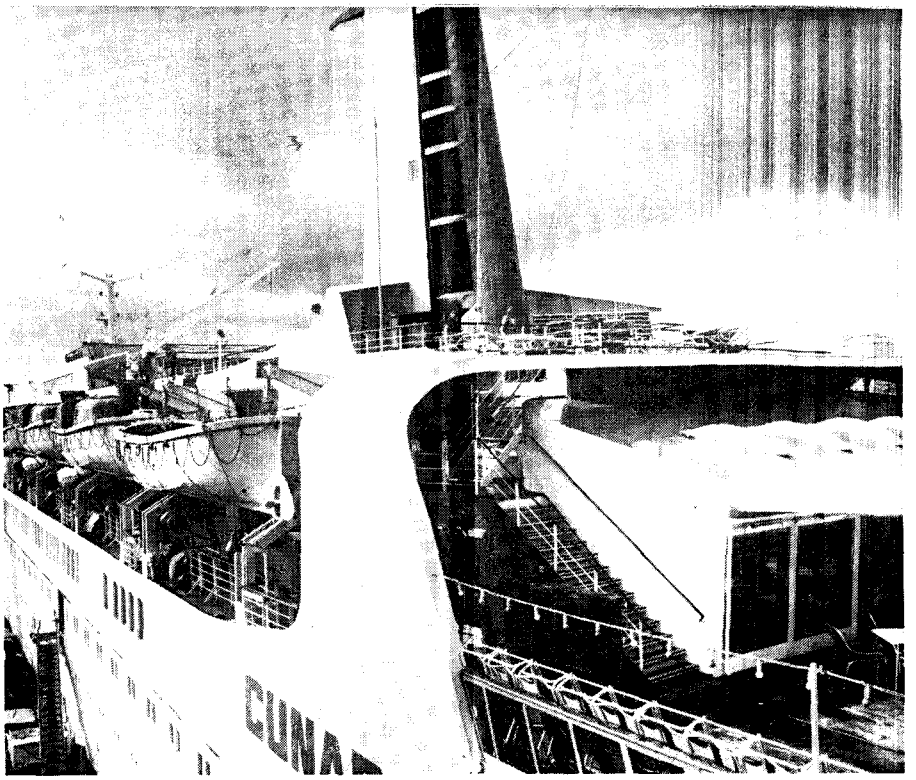

◄ *Cunard's* Adventurer *in port—"Alaska has quietly become the hottest ticket."*

3. At Sea

by David Butwin

On the first full day at sea, a crisis arose. The Royal Viking *Sea*, steaming toward Istanbul and the Bosporus, was several hours ahead of schedule. As the storied skyline hove into view, passengers and crew alike crowded the outside decks. "There's the Blue Mosque!" "No, dear, that's Santa Sofia . . . or is it Topkapi?"

In the Oslo Lounge the author Irving Stone was preparing to give a 5:15 P.M. lecture, an event that would in effect introduce to the commercial world his newest work, *The Greek Treasure*. But the room was almost empty; nearly everyone was on deck, ogling Istanbul. Suddenly, an announcement blared across the water: the Stone lecture would be delayed until 5:30, when the mosques and minarets had receded into the distance. "I don't think he liked the delay," a ship official said later, "but we were on a collision course—if you'll pardon the expression—and Istanbul won."

Only a few years ago, no such conflicts were likely to occur at sea. The big choice was whether to play quoits or shuffleboard, whether to take the mousse or crème caramel, whether to snooze or to sunbathe. Today there are so many cruises to so many new ports and seas, with such a variety of on-board programs and on-shore excursions at such a wide range of cost and duration, that the prospective passenger need never take the same trip twice. Nor is it necessary, as it was in recent years, for a whole shipload of people to board in New York or Los Angeles, sail away, and return to the same port. Now almost every steamship company—and there are more than two dozen, operating close to 80 ships out of U.S. ports—offers fly-and-cruise plans whereby an entire round-trip package may be purchased including excursion fare or charter flight to and from the ship. Some companies even advertise free flights to embarkation ports.

Meanwhile, the once-brisk transatlantic traffic has become a trickle. This summer Cunard's *Queen Elizabeth 2*, all but alone on the North Atlantic, will have 15 crossings in each direction. Norwegian American Line's *Sagafjord*, the Russian ships *Mikhail Lermontov* and *Alexandr Pushkin*, the Italian Line's *Leonardo da Vinci*, and the *Stefan Batory* of Polish Ocean Lines will do fewer than a dozen crossings among them. And that's it. Last year well under 100,000 passengers crossed the Atlantic from U. S. and Canadian ports, compared with a million a year in the late Fifties.

On crossings the voyage itself was, and still is, the main attraction. On cruises new diversions are being sprung each season. For example, Irving Stone's appearance on the Royal Viking *Sea* was no accident. He had been invited as part of the company's "enrichment program" to lecture, autograph copies of his new book, and generally enrich the lives of 450 passengers.

On other lines such programs are called theme cruises, but whatever the slogan, the point is to provide something weightier than shopping, sunning, and eating, especially on cruises with more than a day at a time between ports. Paquet Cruises introduced music festivals at sea in the late Sixties, an idea since successfully incorporated by such lines as Holland America and Carras. Whereas the *Rotterdam* has included musical events as a sort of backdrop to the cruise itself, the French-flag Paquet continues to schedule two floating festivals a year with a full program of music. On a Mediterranean cruise last September, the Paquet's *Renaissance* carried a dozen of Europe's leading musicians, who gave recitals and concerts day and night on board. Ashore, passengers crowded into a Greek temple near Palermo to hear a concert and followed the Amalfi Drive to Ravello for a recital by the piano virtuoso (and fellow passenger) Wilhelm Kempff.

Carras, in addition to a music festival on the *Daphne* from May 29 to June 12 in the Baltic, has scheduled two mouth-watering gastronomic cruises—feasts, really—in the Mediterranean in May. France's leading food critics, Henri Gault and Christian Millau, will conduct tastings, demonstrations, and discussions with a half-dozen celebrated

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▲*Paquet's passengers in church—"Something weightier than sunning and eating."*

chefs, such as Paul Bocuse and the pastry wizard, Gaston Le Notre. In June the same *Daphne*—part of the Carras shipping empire that is building a dream resort, Porto Carras, in Greece—will do a 13-day film-festival cruise out of Amsterdam. The theme, it appears, will be the Fifties, but which films and which stars will be on board have not been determined.

These days hardly a cruise ship departs that is not somehow linked up with a regular or charter airline on a fly-and-sail scheme. These packages are particularly attractive to landlocked mid-Americans, who until now may have been put off by the mere geography of things: the ports seemed too far off. Of course, these new packages are economically fetching, too. Tour companies arrange connections that take advantage, at the very least, of the lowest excursion fares and, in some cases, provide gratis flights. Pacific Far East Line, for instance, offers free United Airlines flights from the West Coast to Hawaii, where one can visit four of the islands and then cruise back to California, on the *Mariposa* or the *Monterey*. These 12-day cruises average about $1,500. Sitmar's Liberian-registered *Fairsea*, which calls at Puerto Vallarta, Acapulco, Mazatlán, and Manzanillo on 10- and 11-day cruises, gives away round-trip flights between various inland cities and Los Angeles. Royal Cruise Line has found instant success by packing a 747 charter in Los Angeles, sending the 400-odd customers en masse to the waiting *Golden Odyssey* in Piraeus, Venice, or Las Palmas for a 12-day cruise, and then flying them home on another charter. Two-week packages start at $1,398 per person, double occupancy.

Flying at least one way cuts down the length of voyages and makes cruising attractive to a broader segment of society, people with just a few weeks' (or less) vacation time a year. Even round-the-world cruises on such established lines as Holland America, Norwegian American, and Royal Viking can be joined along the way for segments of a week or two. In the bad old days when cruises left from New York, passengers had to endure a day or two of wintry weather before the islands beckoned. Now there are dozens of departures not only from Port Everglades and Miami but also from Baltimore, Charleston, New Orleans, Norfolk, and San Juan.

Even the Russians have discovered the pleasures of the warm seas. The *Lermontov* has two-week West Indies cruises through April from Baltimore as well as a three-day trip to nowhere: no ports of call, strictly a voyage to the sun. And in late spring Costa Line-Chandris America sends its *Amerikanis* to Bermuda from Charleston and Norfolk, while the Bahama Cruise Line's *Freeport* and the Black Sea Shipping's *Odessa* sail south every Saturday from New Orleans.

Cruise ships, once the domain of the rich and idle, are now attracting younger, livelier crowds, both couples and singles, who are intrigued not only by enrichment programs and theme cruises but also by new sportive attractions. Paquet is to launch the totally retooled *Azur* this month from Toulon and Piraeus on week-long Mediterranean and Greek island trips which, the company hopes, will approximate floating Club Meds. Formerly a P&O car ferry, the 465-foot *Azur* has had its parking ramp converted to a tennis court. There are squash, badminton, and volleyball courts as well as a bowling alley. Brochures picture topless sunbathing. Comfortable cabins will average $80 to $90 a day per person—admittedly not a backpacker's rate, for the *Azur* is seeking a "mink coat over blue jeans" audience.

Depending on quality of food and service and on the size of one's cabin, a day at sea ranges from $70 to $120. Among the better bargains in that spread is the Costa Line's *Carla C*, which sails

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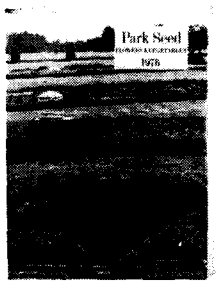

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every Saturday for Venezuela and the West Indies from San Juan. Young, active cruisers also like the Royal Caribbean's trio, *Song of Norway*, *Nordic Prince*, and *Sun Viking*, which sail out of Miami to the islands year round with seldom a berth unoccupied. On some nights the dining room is converted to a French bistro; on other nights, to an English pub or a trattoria. Daily rates are due to rise in June but will still average only $78 on 7-day cruises and $75 on 14-day cruises—one of the best deals in any sea.

In this age of escalating prices, when a traveler can only guess what a trip abroad will cost—and then probably come up short—the cruise passenger will find it comforting to know exactly how much he will be paying for the entire vacation, even if it averages $100 a day. But he mustn't think he's home free the moment he climbs aboard ship. Drinks and wine are extra; the cabin steward, waiters, and wine steward have to be tipped, and unless he uses the ship's laundromat, another bill will greet him on the last evening.

Like flocks of migrating birds, cruise ships now move about the world with each changing season. When spring comes 'round, they turn away from the Caribbean, Mexico, and the South Pacific and steam toward summer lanes in the Mediterranean, Aegean, and Black seas, the Baltic and North seas, and Alaska's Inside Passage. (Not all ships abandon the West Indies in summer, of course; several of Costa Line's half-dozen Italian-flag ships stay put, as do the all-Norwegian Royal Caribbean and Norwegian Caribbean Lines. In July Cunard's new 800-passenger *Countess* will begin year-round cruises out of San Juan.) Summer traffic in the Baltic (with stops at Helsinki and Leningrad) and along the Norwegian coast to the North Cape is increasing yearly. To no one's surprise, Norwegian American Line specializes in this cold-water cruising; but its two ships, the *Sagafjord* and *Vistafjord*, don't get in each other's way. While the *Sagafjord* crosses the Atlantic and idles its way through a dozen ports on old-fashioned voyages of 31 to 38 days, the *Vistafjord* plies the fjords and the Baltic on shorter cruises out of London with fly-and-sail connections from the United States.

Meanwhile Alaska has quietly become shipping's new frontier. "It's the hottest ticket in North American cruising," says a steamship official. "Everyone suddenly wants to go there. It's the American fjords, springtime in Juneau, Glacier Bay." In June, Cunard's *Adventurer* will launch a series of 10 summer cruises out of Vancouver, the first time that the 136-year-old steamship company has ventured into the Pacific on other than round-the-world cruises. In May, Holland America's *Prinsendam* quits its winter meanderings in the neighborhood of Bali and Surabaya and crosses the Pacific to spend the summer in Juneau, Skagway, and Ketchikan. Likewise, Paquet's plush *Renaissance* will pack it up in the Caribbean and head for Alaska, a departure from its 1975 career, when it summered in the Mediterranean, North Cape, and Baltic. "We decided," said a Paquet representative, "that the eastern Mediterranean is not the most secure marketplace. Who knows what might happen in Cyprus, Lebanon, or Turkey?" Princess, Sitmar, and Xanadu also provide considerable business to the Inside Passage.

As the 1976 passenger assesses the widening field, sorting through a variety of ports and seas, prices and packages, he can also shop for the flag and nationality of his choice: Italian, French, Greek, Norwegian, Swedish, English, Dutch, Polish—indeed everything but American. If it's Russian the passenger wants, both the *Pushkin* and *Lermontov* will cross the North Atlantic in late spring. However, the darling of Soviet ships is the *Odessa*—launched in 1974 and designed (unlike the two aforementioned) to pamper a capitalistic clientele. The *Odessa* will continue its weekly pattern out of New Orleans to Cozumel and Central America until late May, when it is due for dry dock.

And where are the ships of yesterday? What of the defunct French Line and the Swedish American? Well, the *France* remains moored outside Le Havre while the government considers the latest offers, and the *Kungsholm* now sails for Flagship Cruises while its sister, the *Gripsholm*, will return to life as the *Navarino*, starting one- and two-week cruises from Venice in May. Although the Italian Line's *Leonardo da Vinci* continues to work, the *Michelangelo* and *Raffaelo*, victims of the transatlantic squeeze, are laid up, awaiting bids. Chances are that neither will meet the fate of the *Queen Mary*, now a stationary resort off Long Beach, Calif. With the cruise business alive and steaming to all corners of the earth, someone will find room for those two Italian masters. □

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Burning the Nostalgia at Both Ends

by Judith Crist

The homage to Hollywood's past continues, on rare occasions with savvy and taste, though more often these days with venal vulgarity by the young and/or ignorant wallowing in some sort of movie mythology.

The savvy comes from producer George Barrie, who brought us Mel Frank's slickly sophisticated update of *Brief Encounter* a couple of years ago, aptly titled *A Touch of Class*. Now he brings us another update, this time of those fluffy domestic-triangle comedies of the Thirties and Forties, *I Will, I Will . . . For Now*, co-authored and directed by Norman Panama, Frank's longtime Hollywood partner. And if it's not quite so classy as its predecessor, it still has the same old-fashioned appeal that made moviegoers of us in the first place: high-style performances, plenty of affluent chic, and lots of laughs wrapped around a story about nice people bumbling their way to happiness.

The nice people in this Panama–Albert E. Lewin concoction are a divorced couple who decide to try togetherness again, this time by contract marriage and, when that proves as wracking and antagonistic as the old-fashioned way, by resorting to sex books, marriage counseling, and, finally, a posh sex clinic. On the sidelines are their best friend, a lawyer with an eye on the wife, and, in a neighboring apartment, a "November centerfold" with an eye on the husband. And along the way there's a cheery, witty, and perceptive consideration of where compatibility lies, in and out of bed and with and without all the shibboleths and pop panaceas that are part of the childish games grown-up people play.

Elliott Gould, back to his original style of adult comedy rather than kookery, is first-rate as the compulsive-gambler, girl-chasing husband; Diane Keaton glows as the wife who is hung up on clean ashtrays and dirty words; Paul Sorvino makes the lawyer competent and appealing; and Victoria Principal does much for the status of centerfolds. Under Panama's light hand the cast ranges from Cowardly comedy to bedroom farce with bright lines, deft drama, occasional slapstick, and complete likability. It's enough to set the old nostalgia burning.

Gable and Lombard is enough to set the stomach churning. If you are interested in the actual lives of these two stars of the Thirties, you might read a Dell paperback entitled *Gable & Lombard & Powell & Harlow* by Joe Morella and Edward Z. Epstein and get not only their story but that of Jean Harlow and William Powell as well, along with a fascinating account of Hollywood in their time, all for $1.50. Presuming, for no obvious reason, that they are literate, scriptwriter Barry Sandler and director Sidney J. Furie might have made the investment and found the truth far more entertaining than the sleazy fictions they have invented to titillate the ignorant and the gullible. Suffice it that they have reduced the relationship of two major celebrities to a 131-minute history of fornication between a department-store dummy and a foulmouthed floozie. If James Brolin, known to TV fans as Marcus Welby's stooge, and Jill Clayburgh, an otherwise able actress, had any star charisma of their own, of course, they might be able to impersonate stars. As it is, Brolin is all salami and Clayburgh is about as impressive as Carroll Baker was in her day in portraying Harlow—although one worries that poor Jill may have contracted a case of putty poisoning from nibbling on Brolin's fake Gable-esque ears. All involved give performances to match the idiotic obscenity of the script, and Furie, who most recently trashed *Sheila Levine*, follows suit in his direction. The filmmakers obviously waited until all the principals were dead before perpetrating their libel—but their primary presumption is that taste and intelligence have died as well.

At the very least John Byrum's *Inserts* is an honest fiction-fantasy about Hollywood in the Thirties, right down to having Clark Gable, "the new kid over at Pathé," as an off-stage character. Byrum, a recent scriptwriter (co-author of *Mahogany*) and neophyte director, has come up with an offbeat, interesting, but ultimately unsatisfying tale of a director who had a brilliant future but "fulfilled it at an early age" and was then reduced to swilling brandy and making porno movies in his decaying mansion. The five-character, one-set film offers a day in the director's life, in the course of which his leading lady, an ex-starlet in "real" movies, dies of an overdose of heroin; his bootlegger-turned-producer and his leading man, an undertaker's assistant who's convinced he has "star potential,"

Keaton and Gould—"A witty consideration of where compatibility lies."

dispose of the body; and the director almost recovers his potency with the producer's "fiancée," whose ladylike lusts prove purely cinematic. Byrum's primary triumph is in a superb quartet of actors —Jessica Harper as the Gish-like fiancée, Stephen Davies as the stud, Bob Hoskins as the thug-producer, and Veronica Cartwright simply stunning as the junkie. He is less fortunate with his star, Richard Dreyfuss, who is too young for even Boy Wonder status and is self-indulgent in an undisciplined role that calls for wearying "witties," continuous drinking, and endless hamming. But Byrum does provide some brilliant flashes of black

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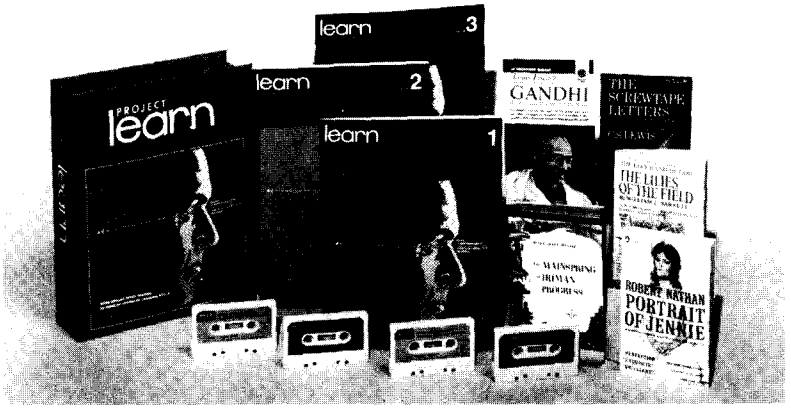

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comedy and an "in" sense of moviemaking. His is a tantalizing first film that shows interesting potential.

France's Robin Davis makes a completely satisfying directorial debut with *Cher Victor,* acclaimed at last year's Cannes and San Francisco festivals. At the latter it was aptly described as "something like *The Odd Couple* as it might have been written by Alfred Hitchcock," though my own fancy is that it's a Roald Dahl version of *The Sunshine Boys.* But simply credit Davis, co-author with Patrick Laurent, for his straightforward story of Anselme and Victor, two 60ish pensioners living together in incompatibility. Anselme, plumply portrayed by Bernard Blier, is the bachelor housekeeper, good-natured and sensitive; Victor, nervily played by Jacques Dufilho, is an irascible and domineering widower, riding his friend's tolerance to the breaking point. And when the breaking point comes, hilariously and heartbreakingly, the worm turns with a vengeance worthy of a Machiavelli. The characters are beautifully developed, and there is no uncertain moment as the comedic mood turns slowly into one of terror and a horror story unfolds amid arias, family visits, seduction scenes (Alida Valli is superb as a retired opera star who enthralls Anselme), and a local music-society luncheon. Davis is completely in control of his medium—and of his audience, to its delight.

Albert and David Maysles achieve a remarkable subtlety in their new nonfiction feature film, *Grey Gardens,* an intimate study of Edith Bouvier Beale and her daughter, aunt and cousin of Jacqueline Onassis, renowned as the recluses of East Hampton, L.I. Big Edie, at 79, spends most of her time in bed in a room cluttered with hot plate, refrigerator, memorabilia, and the eight official household cats, while Little Edie, 57, roams the 28-room house, tends the raccoon in the attic, suns herself, and attempts dance routines. Both are handsome and articulate—Mrs. Beale had trained for the concert stage, Edie had hoped for a Broadway break—and they obviously revel in the Maysleses' project. And once you overcome your own embarrassment at their willing self-exposure, you are free not only to observe an extraordinary life-style but also to understand human bondage in its elemental stage by way of a relationship that makes *The Glass Menagerie* seem like a drawing-room comedy in comparison. □

Dance

by Walter Terry

Ballet Unadorned

George Balanchine is the greatest, and most elegant, strip artist of them all. It has been his special genius, over the past decades, to rediscover and redirect the viewer's attention to the movement of ballet, movements stripped of all trappings. Perhaps his company, the New York City Ballet, has concentrated too much and too often on ballets without story, without scenery, and without elaborate costumes, but for the best of ballet that is pure and spare and unadorned, you will most often find it with the New York City Ballet, and, most certainly, in the works of Balanchine.

He began his stripping a long time ago. One of his enduring masterworks in this idiom is *Concerto Barocco* (Bach's Concerto in D minor for Two Violins). It isn't baroque at all, but it once was—when it was first presented, with scenery and incredibly elaborate costumes by Eugene Berman, by the American Ballet (ancestor of the NYCB) in 1941. When it was given by the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo in 1945, Balanchine staged it with simple ballet practice clothes (black and white) only. Balanchine's *The Four Temperaments* (Hindemith), when presented by Ballet Society (the immediate forerunner of NYCB) in 1946, had elaborate surrealist costumes and scenery by Kurt Seligmann. These were discarded in 1952 in favor of standard practice clothes.

Concerto Barocco and *Four's T's,* unadorned, remain flawless examples of classical ballet, and they probably always will. The former is almost totally traditional in step and stance, and the latter is an extension of ballet into newer areas of motor expression and design.

Truthfully, when new ballets of this genre keep coming from the prolific Balanchine, one can occasionally murmur, "Oh, no, not again." But then the master turns up with a masterpiece of stripping, as he did recently with *Chaconne* (to ballet music from Gluck's *Orphée et Euridice*). The ballet is derived from an opera ballet that Balanchine did for the Hamburg State Opera in 1963. Then, within the opera itself, it had elaborate costumes. For the NYCB presentation, the strip-master has peeled off everything to reveal the unencumbered movements of his dancers' bodies. The result is captivating.

Watching *Chaconne,* one has the curious feeling that he is being permitted to peek beneath the costumes of courtiers, not as a *voyeur* but as a *connoisseur.* Here are *pas de deux, pas de trois, pas de cinq,* and the concluding *chaconne* (usually the extended finale of Gluck operas) evocative of those court dances from which ballet evolved. Without hooped skirts, puffed sleeves, awesome farthingale constructions, plumes, doublets, and whatnot, we can see what actually happened underneath all the rich impedimenta. And it is all lovely.

Of course, Balanchine has not simply reproduced the steps, the gestures, the *révérences* of courtly dances—he has shown us the evolutions of those forms into ballet—but he has also retained all of the elegance, much of the form, and hints of the formalities. Louis Horst, the modern-dance composer and authority on pre-classic dance forms, once wrote of the *chaconne,* "When the court tired of it, it found a place on the stage." As staged by a master, the Balanchine *Chaconne* will never grow tiresome.

THE BALANCHINE SCHOOL of music-visualization ballets has long influenced other choreographers, veterans as well as newcomers. Among the very newest choreographers is Bruce Wells, a former dancer—and a splendid one—with the NYCB. His first choreographic ambitions have found an outlet with the little (fewer than a dozen dancers) but thriving Connecticut Ballet Company, directed by Robert Vickrey.

For the New Haven–based troupe, Wells created *Canon in D Major,* a duet for himself and the delightful Robin Welch (Mrs. Vickrey). It is a flashy piece, effective in fits and starts. Wells comes up with some highly original (he does not imitate Balanchine) and exuberant actions, but the sense of form sometimes eludes him as he coasts from idea to idea. The piece is set to music of Johann Pachelbel. His second work, danced by the Connecticut Ballet, is called *Renaissance Dances* and bounds

Answer to *Wit Twister* (see page 23): float, flota, Aloft.

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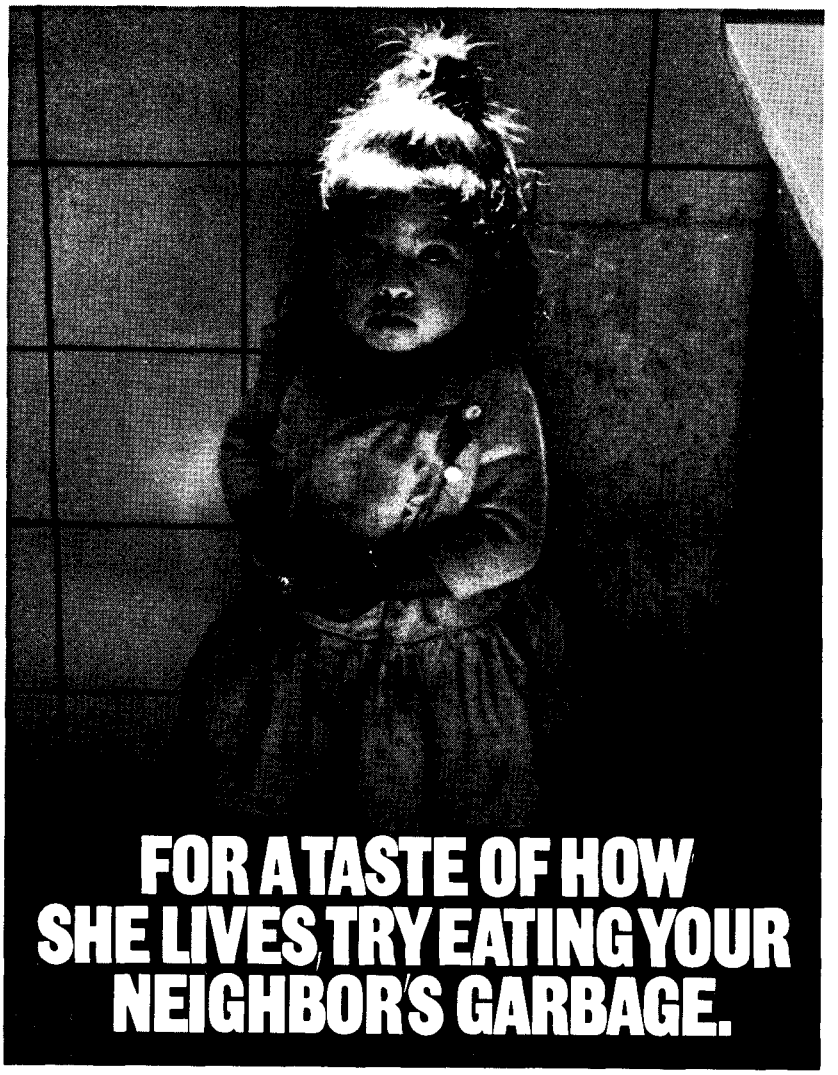
along on the airs of three composers—Caroubel, Haussman, and Praetorius. It is designed for three couples and represents a piece that is far better crafted than the *Canon.*

The *Renaissance* ballet, somewhat like—but again not imitative of—Balanchine's *Chaconne,* is balletic in a contemporary technical sense, but Wells lets us see the folk and court dances from which classical ballet sprang. Humor and lightness abound, and the finale is a garland dance, deftly wrought and thoroughly delightful. The ballet is, unlike the Balanchine practice-clothes presentations, costumed in dress suggestive of court days, but there is no plot, just dancing—joyous dancing.

The Connecticut Ballet offers another pure dance work in its repertory (which also includes comedies, dramas, and bravura pieces): Stuart Sebastian's *Still Sonatas,* a ballet in which seven girls dance eight sonatas for harpsichord by Cimarosa. The choreography is elegant in its cool classicism yet is brushed with warm hues of unspoken but real emotion—perhaps wistful, again lonely, sometimes joyous. Gesture, always subtle but clearly defined, is fused with balletic actions demanding prowess and polish. The ballet is a model of choreographic structure linked with musical form.

The Eliot Feld Ballet, with engagements in its home theater (the New York Shakespeare Festival Public Theater) and on tour, features the ballets of one of our most gifted young choreographers, Mr. Feld. Among his newest creations is *Mazurka* (Chopin), which falls into the Balanchine music-visualization category. But although it seeks to extend mazurka steps and rhythms into the ballet idiom, it is far less satisfactory than, say, Jerome Robbins's fascinating ballet essays with Chopin as a stimulus. Much more impressive is Feld's *Excursions,* to music of Samuel Barber. It is not really a music visualization, but it is not a dramatic ballet either—it is about dancers and dancing. A rouser of a piece, bubbling with wit, inventiveness, and a most marvelous playfulness, it is to this generation what Robbins's *Interplay* was to the Forties. It is not at all derivative of the older work except in spirit, for it boasts the best Feld trademarks: humor, speed, and lovely movement surprises skillfully crafted into a real stunner of a ballet, a dancing ballet. (P.S. I hope you see Christine Sarry dance it. . . . She's a stunner, too!) □



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Television

by Karl E. Meyer

Hairy News

During a sodden Sunday evening in Texas not long ago, I flicked on the television in a hotel room to watch "Eyewitness News" on station KDFW. Sunday is a slack news day, and most of what I saw was unenthralling: Kissinger was back from a trip abroad, Humphrey was evasive about his Presidential intentions, and a young local woman had just become the first female ambulance driver in the Dallas area.

But a final item was interesting. It concerned the annual migration of the gray whale off the California coast, and the station obtained some aerial footage, taken from a Goodyear blimp, showing the creatures blowing sportive geysers. I gathered that the gray whale was an object of affection and anxiety in California, but not much else. What precisely is a gray whale? How big is it in comparison with other cetaceans? Why is it in peril? There were no clear answers; as quick as you could say Moby Dick, the report was over.

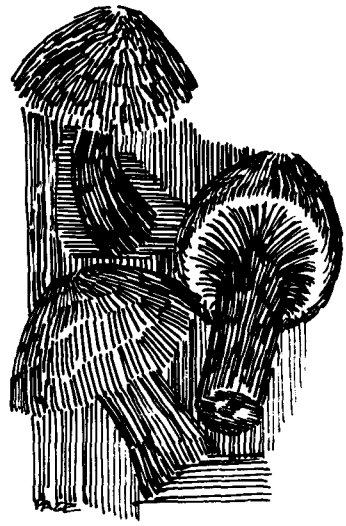
I cite the experience as a typical instance of what is wrong with the local television news shows that I have viewed while traveling in a dozen states during the past year. Even when there is a good regional story on a highly visual subject of patent human interest, the report is so abbreviated and frenzied that even a whale comes out very like a minnow. Between the interminable commercials and the "happy talk" among anchorpeople, the news emerges in disconnected snippets fired at machine-gun tempo. The effect on the viewer is best described in a curiously apt passage written a century ago by John Henry Newman:

> They see visions of great cities and wild regions; they are in the marts of commerce, or amid the islands of the South; they gaze on Pompey's pillars or on the Andes; and nothing which meets them carries them forward or backward, to any idea beyond itself.

It so happens that the most devastating remarks about local television news were made in Dallas last fall at the annual meeting of television news directors. The speaker was Charles Kuralt, who conducts the admirable "On the Road" feature for CBS News. For eight years he has roamed the country, probably seeing more local news programs than any other qualified professional. As he said: "I have the words 'Eyewitness News' printed across my eyeballs."

To Kuralt, the big improvement in local news is hair—anchormen's hair: "That's what I remember best: hair. Hair carefully styled and sprayed, hair neatly parted, hair abundant, and every hair in place." Yet not much emerged from beneath that hair, Kuralt went on, because many anchormen could not be trusted to report accurately on an afternoon round of golf. "I don't care what the station managers say," he added. "I don't care what the ratings say. I say this is the continuing disgrace of this profession."

Loud applause ensued, from the very news editors partly responsible for what Kuralt was decrying. Kuralt was simply



stating what every news professional knows—and they also know that nothing much will be done about it. Why?

For an answer, I consulted the January 5 issue of *Broadcasting*, an authoritative trade magazine, which has an illuminating report on local news programs. The great discovery made by local stations is that news programs can make money, lots of it—the rule of thumb, according to *Broadcasting*, is that local news can yield anywhere from 40 to 60 percent of a station's revenue. (An anchorman in a major market will earn as much as $250,000 a year.)

Now there is nothing inherently wrong with turning a profit on news. How otherwise would we have daily papers? But even mediocre newspapers attempt some kind of balance—they publish columns, interpretative articles, editorials, and book and art reviews. No comparable balance exists on those shows that use the "Action News" format.

This format, according to those in the business, originated, appropriately, in Los Angeles during the Sixties on station KABC. The essential idea is to keep all items short and snappy, to play up local crime stories, and to use a good-looking anchorman and anchorwoman. The gospel has its missionaries—in the form of immensely influential, high-priced media consultants. Among consultants, a favored precept is that personality can tip the scale in competition for ratings.

If local news were only a supplement to the papers, this show-biz focus might, arguably, make little difference. But according to a Gallup survey, the majority of Americans now get most of their news from television and radio. The results can be dismaying. I chanced to be in Detroit when President Ford delivered his State of the Union address. On the two evening news shows I watched, Mr. Ford got as much time as a local crime story; one station even filmed the reaction in a downtown tavern. The only wearier cliché in journalism is to interview a cabdriver.

To my mind, the shoddiness of so much electronic journalism raises a question about that fashionable notion, decentralization. The networks cannot be blamed for the sins of their affiliates. Comparing the network evening news with local offerings is like comparing *The New York Times* with the *National Enquirer*. On CBS, NBC, and ABC, at least two or three minutes is devoted to any film report of significance—double or triple the time allowed on the average local news show.

But there is a worrisome footnote. Recently, at ABC, a respected senior news executive, Av Westin, resigned after reportedly losing a corporate battle with a newly arrived editor of the "ABC Evening News." The editor is Steve Skinner, a product of local television news in Los Angeles. As the *Times* noted, "Mr. Skinner's previous experience has been entirely with local stations that specialized in the style of newscasting known as 'eyewitness news,' pejoratively nicknamed 'happy-talk news,' which interlaced light-hearted chatter with the delivery of news items."

I'll be watching with interest to see whether Harry Reasoner's hairstyle changes. □

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Music to My Ears

by Irving Kolodin

Singular Pianist, Plural Vocalists

Lazar Berman, the latest visitor to bear the name of "Soviet pianist," has come and gone after what should be only the first of many visits to New York. He left behind him several well-tested pianos, a quartet of stunned audiences, and a host of fellow instrumentalists brooding on his paralyzing command of the keyboard. That is to say, paralyzing not for Berman but for those who might be of a mind to equal it.

Proclaimed even before his arrival as a "legendary artist," Berman made good every inordinate claim in a round of appearances as unconventional as his own abilities. He made his American debut in the Brooklyn Academy of Music, with that borough's Philharmonia under the direction of Lukas Foss. There followed a pair of recitals a week apart in the Theresa L. Kaufmann Concert Hall of the 92nd Street YMHA. In between he performed concertos of Liszt and Prokofiev (No. 1 in both instances) in Carnegie Hall with Henry Lewis conducting the New Jersey Symphony Orchestra.

Judging from attendance at half of this schedule (the Carnegie Hall appearance and the second of the recitals), Berman, now 45, is a pianist with the command and the control to join Emil Gilels and Sviatoslav Richter among the U.S.S.R.'s Big Three (Vladimir Ashkenazy would make it four had he not renounced Soviet citizenship). Other evaluations will follow as familiarity with Berman increases and his command of a broad repertory accumulates. This one takes in qualities of assertiveness, assurance, and interpretative imagination that represent the Russian musical temperament at its best.

Outstanding among the impressions that clustered around the Carnegie Hall concert and the second recital was Berman's magnitude as a performer of Liszt. In Carnegie Hall it was his playing of the E-flat concerto that stood out, among a hundred hearings, for being above and beyond any concern with technical difficulty and, in addition, for being musical in the extreme. Passages normally muddied or glossed over were immaculate and lovingly caressed; figurations that come from the fingers of some as sequins had, in the Berman treatment, the sparkle of diamonds.

He is, in short, that rare kind of instrumentalist who matches virtuosity with refinement, and combines both with a constant awareness that his instrument is called the pianoforte—not as a whim, but to enable both extremes of dynamic range to be extolled. In the recital, his choice of Liszt went to the Faustian, rather than the fustian, in the Abbé's output. Included were the Liszt of Beatrice and Dante (*Après une lecture du Dante, Fantasia quasi Sonata*), of Petrarca (*Sonetto 104*), and of the Villa d'Este (the first of all "fountain" pieces). Amid the flurry of hands and the incredible precision of fingers, attention was magnetized to one final detail of *Les jeux d'eaux à la Villa d'Este*. It had nothing, really, to do with hands, but with feet: as his hands left the keyboard, a soft veil of resonance hung in the air, until the sustaining pedal was released. It recalled the visit of Debussy, as a Prix de Rome winner, to the aging Liszt, and the younger man's impression of a pedaling facility that found its way into his own preludes and songs.

Berman rates high among today's best pianists. How high he rates as an interpreter remains to be resolved when he stops applying himself, however successfully, to the virtuoso repertory (four Rachmaninoff *Moments Musicaux* and Prokofiev's Sonata No. 8 followed the Liszt works itemized above) and measures his phenomenal equipment not against music that is all but unperformable, technically, but against works that are, in Artur Schnabel's memorable phrase, better than they can be played.

IN A QUIETER but no less demanding way, the requirements of great vocalism were met by several singers and in various circumstances during the same time period. The Seventies are not often exalted as a "Golden Age" of singing, but one encounters the exception often enough to be reminded that a keen sense of purpose applied to the usual endowment of one diaphragm, two lungs, a larynx, and the resonating chambers of the head (mouth, nasal cavity, and so on) can produce exceptional results.

Heading the list in recent days was Jon Vickers, esteemed as the best Siegmund in Wagner's *Die Walküre* since Lauritz Melchior. Vickers began a Carnegie Hall recital with a near-flawless performance of "Where'er You Walk" from Handel's *Semele*. This was an intimation of things to come in more than one way. His performances of a group of old Italian settings by Alessandro Scarlatti, more Handel ("Total Eclipse"), and Beethoven (his *An die ferne Geliebte* song cycle) were in many ways as adroit and as finely fashioned; but where he walked included to and from the piano, on and off stage between each composer's offering, round and about, facing or not facing the audience.

Vickers has plainly worked hard and long (he first appeared in New York slightly more than 20 years ago) to combine his Wagnerian preoccupations with such vocal subtleties as the *mezza voce* (half voice), the *messa di voce* (crescendo and diminuendo on one tone) head tones, and so on. These are all good examples for young singers. Less good was his preference for performing such a song as Vaughan Williams's "Bright Is the Ring of Words" with both hands in the pockets of his formal trousers. Richard Woitach was the pianist, and he assisted well, come weal or come woe.

Renata Scotto wrote a new chapter in the Metropolitan's history of vocal art when she performed all three soprano roles in Puccini's *Trittico*, on the same evening, as she will repeatedly on

Lazar Berman—"The Russian musical temperament at its best."

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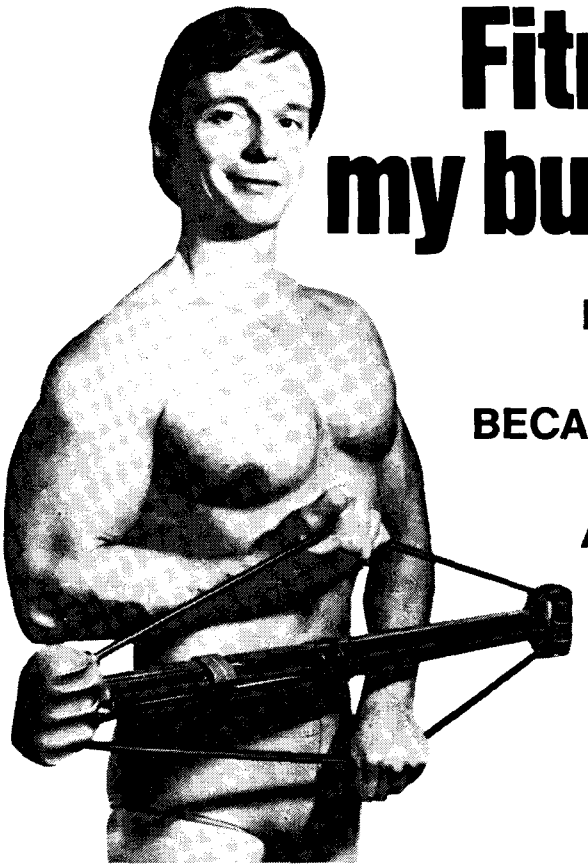

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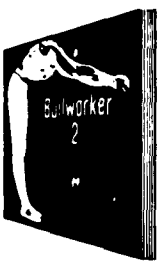

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the company's forthcoming spring tour. This took in the requirements for the dramatic (as Giorgetta in *Il Tabarro*, or *The Cloak*), the strongly lyrical (*Suor Angelica*), and the nearly soubrette (Lauretta, in *Gianni Schicchi*).

Miss Scotto put them on (and off) as readily as the costumes for the three roles (sometimes with an even better fit). Though it was said that she had never publicly performed Giorgetta or Angelica previously, she was as satiny smooth in every vocal detail and as sure in the artistic touch in those roles as she was as Lauretta, a role she had performed as a younger singer. It would be a further cause for admiration were Miss Scotto to apply herself more to the dramatic detail of each role. The problem with her acting is a matter more of quantity than of quality. Less of what she does (with almost every changing breath) would serve as well as an improvement of the rest.

In a new production of Verdi's *Aïda* that has many virtues (as well as some deficiencies), the most virtuous elements were nevertheless the Aïda of Leontyne Price, the Amonasro of Cornell MacNeil, the Ramfis of Bonaldo Giaiotto, the King of James Morris, and, to a lesser degree, the Amneris of Marilyn Horne. Given the right kind of experienced leadership, this could have been molded into one of the great Metropolitan *Aïda* ensembles of the century (even with James McCracken intruding a voice unsuitable for Radames). But conductor James Levine provides discipline rather than leadership, energy rather than experience, and a boisterous love of percussion as difficult for the orchestra to play against as it is taxing for the singers to overcome. More will be said about David Reppa's scenic designs and John Dexter's direction at a later date; let us hope that by then the present clumsy, cluttered treatment of the Triumphal Scene will have been amended. □

ANSWER TO MIDDLETON DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 93

IVOR BROWN:
A WORD IN YOUR EAR

Until quite recently glamour was reserved for conjuring tricks and was not bestowed, as now with such damnable iteration on all aspiring to or professing 'it', 'umph', or 'sex-appeal', to use the modish titles of what used to be called plain loveliness.

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Diversions

by Leo Rosten

Terror at Ubehebe

Our genes make us mountain people or meadow folk, children of the desert or communicants of the sea. I spend much of my life on the beach, but I have never lost my astonishment on first beholding a desert.

I went each year for a decade to the Mojave, or the deserts of Nevada, or to what was then unchic, uncelebrated Palm Springs. I used to drive to Cathedral City (an absurd name for a gas station and a few adobe shacks) and would take one of the dirt roads under palm trees, driving to the very end, where the road met a wide arroyo.

I would leave the car and cross the arroyo (it was always dry when I was there; torrential "flash floods" sometimes drown unwary desert voyagers) and climb up the farther bank. The snow peaks of San Jacinto crowned mile upon mile of undulating sand, a great dry ocean of ripples and waves. Then I wandered in that bewitching isolation.

A desert glitters with tiny diamond granules and "fool's gold" and fragments of varicolored stone that should be as precious as they look. In Arizona and New Mexico, the horizon is spiked by saguaros, tall, tubular cacti that stand like figures incinerated in moments of agony.

There are no sounds on the desert, most of the time, no sounds at all. But a howling wind sometimes swirls the sand into a storm—and you had better flee it, for it blinds you, burns your lips, stuffs your ears and nostrils with grit, claws into every crease of your body.

I said no sounds ordinarily disturb the desert's silence, but that is not entirely true. If you listen you may just hear—then see—the scuttling of some tiny creature into a hole that closes behind it in a swift funneling of sand. Bizarre creatures live in the infecund grit: beaded lizards, snakes, chameleons, and Gila ("Heela") monsters. These dragons of the desert are enough to freeze your blood when you first come upon one. The head is flat as a crocodile's, the eyes ghastly, the scaly body splotched with tubercles, the tail prehensile. The lizards are creatures of nightmare.

The most fearful place I can remember is north of the Mojave: the lowest spot in the Western Hemisphere (280 feet below sea level). Mount Whitney towers 15,000 feet not a hundred miles away. The Forty-Niners named this moraine Death Valley because so many seekers of gold died there, of thirst and exposure, shriveled by the fire of the sun.

In winter a sort of summer reigns in Death Valley, and it was then I ventured into the canyon. I had charted my course beforehand, delighted by names like Skidoo, Hell's Gate, Stovepipe Wells.

The landscape was unlike any other I had ever seen: pale promontories, all their colors bleached out save for borax streaks and ashy dirt, the sand baked to hard clay. The bald slopes of Funeral Mountain accented the eerie desolation.

We do not think of time as visible; yet here the signature of time stabs your

eyes: harsh scratchings in walls cut by the claws of the winds, pockmarks on surfaces cracked by the ferocious heat.

Ubehebe Crater was where I was heading. No one knows what *Ubehebe* means; all that is clear is that it is a Shoshoni Indian word.

As I drove across the desiccated moonscape, I began to feel uneasy. I had not seen a rabbit, a bird, a lizard on a rock along the roadbed. Ahead loomed—a curve of clay-walled dead end.

Suddenly, a shadow fell quite early in the afternoon, and it was cooler—cooler and more ominous, for a wind began to moan. I was tempted to turn back. "Damn Ubehebe. This is far enough. . . Don't be a fool . . ." I drove on.

The road ended. No sign, no trestle. The grading of the rolled road just stopped.

I got out of the car. To the left was a mounting slope of slag: charred, cindered coke. I clambered up the clinkers, tripping, sliding back; the crackling of scoria under my boots sounded like protests, as if I were smashing bones from some cremated monster whose ghost held vigil.

I was breathing hard when I reached the top of the charcoal slope. I was at the crater's rim. I gazed down, down—into an immense, charred bowl, some 800 feet deep, the guidebooks had said. Here a volcano had burned itself out.

I stared into the dead abyss. An extraordinary passage from Nietzsche surged out of memory: "Whoever fights monsters should be careful not to turn into a monster himself. When you look into an abyss, the abyss also looks into you." The sun's shadow was a shroud. The wind began to blow, moaning a dirge, stinging my cheeks with sharp grains of grit.

"The abyss . . . looks into you." I tore my eyes from that damned black hollow, a cemetery in a bowl. Suddenly, I felt as if I were the only remaining man in the world—as if the entire world beyond the mountains that surrounded me had been obliterated.

I DROVE BACK at insane speed, hating and fearing that accursed wasteland, praying for the sight of something living—a rattlesnake, for all I cared—or the miracle of a human presence: a hitchhiker, a camper, the crummiest prospector. But there was nothing. No one. Nothing. Not even a skull had survived the carnage of the sun. No raven screeched. Only those satanic shapes of clay bounced back the screech of my tires, like ghouls keening.

A sliver of moon punctured the sky. From every escarpment, shadows clutched toward me. Finally I saw the magic of light bulbs, distant signs of the living: Furnace Creek Inn.

There was no one at the bar of the Inn; so I rattled a swizzle stick against a glass until Borax Bill, the cornball master of libations, appeared. "Howdy, pardner, and what'll it be?"

"Martini."

"*One* gut-burner comin' up! . . . Hey, what's the matter? You look like you seen a ghost."

He poured the drink, chuckling. He poured it deftly, to the very brim of the glass, and when I picked it up, my hand was trembling. The glass was shaped like the crater. □

From Leo Rosten's current book: *The 3:10 to Anywhere*. © 1976 Leo Rosten.

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Light Refractions

by Thomas H. Middleton

More Than Any Other

There's a gentleman named Frank Littler in Chicago who's been waging a valiant but, I fear, bootless battle against a very common bit of usage employed in advertising.

Mr. Littler sent me copies of some of the correspondence he's had with several ad agencies and corporations. What he objects to is statements like, "More people have flown Delta between Chicago and Florida than all other airlines combined." He says that "More people have flown Delta between Chicago and Florida than *have flown* all other airlines combined" is the proper form, and, from the strict grammarian's point of view, he's right, I suppose. Mr. Littler has written to several of the agencies guilty of using the shorter, less precise form in their copy. Some, he says, have changed their ads as a result of his efforts, and some have disagreed with him.

My favorite samples of his correspondence are those involving an NBC ad. On March 4, 1975, Mr. Littler wrote to Mr. Marvin Antonowsky, vice-president for program operations and advertising for NBC, saying, "I don't know whether I am approaching the right person, but this letter refers to an announcement that I heard both on television and in a local theater. It went like this: 'More people have seen *The Godfather* than any other movie in history.' Would it be too much to ask: (1) What position is held by the writer, if he is an NBC employee, who concocted this sentence? and (in view of the uproar caused by a notorious cigarette ad a few years ago) (2) Did NBC receive any correspondence about it? I enclose postage for your reply and look forward to hearing from you."

Mr. Littler got no reply; so he wrote again on May 29, saying, "On March 4 last I wrote you about an NBC announcement—nationally broadcast—in connection with the sequel to *The Godfather*. As I have not yet had the courtesy of a reply to the two questions in my letter, perhaps you would be kind enough to write me at your early convenience."

His answer from NBC had practically nothing to do with his original query but informed him that there had, indeed, been a 30-second announcement calling attention to *Godfather II* and that "We currently have no plans to telecast *Godfather II*, since the picture has not even been offered for sale to the networks."

Undaunted, Mr. Littler hung in there with another letter calling attention to the offending sentence and terming it a "wretched misconstruction." This time he got a reply from NBC's vice-president in charge of broadcast advertising—a gentleman named David Bellin. Mr. Bellin said, ". . . I can't speak for everybody involved, but my personal opinion is that the sentence communicated its meaning with clarity.

"Do we have the license to undermine traditional syntax in the interests of quick, colloquial communication?

"I don't know. It's a point that would take more time to debate than I have available. . . . I think you're fighting a lonely battle."

I have to agree with Mr. Bellin. I can think of no conceivable meaning for the sentence "More people have seen *The Godfather* than any other movie in history" other than the meaning that was clearly intended; I think "quick, colloquial communication" is the essence of much advertising—and properly so; and I agree that Mr. Littler is fighting a lonely battle. I told him so, saying that I thought "More kids eat Mars than any other candy bar" was perfectly clear but that "More kids eat Mars than *eat* any other candy bar" was equally clear, but lacked punch. He disagrees, as, of course, will many others. He said, in his reply, "Suppose the statement was not an ad but a bit of history. We'll use imaginary names. *More Austrovians killed Scandemians than any other Europeans.* Now if we're going to justify ad language, . . . who are the majority killers, and who are the majority victims in a sentence like that?"

The writing of history admittedly requires greater attention to syntax, as a rule, than does the brief exposition or exhortation that is the stock-in-trade of most advertising, but Mr. Littler's analogy is weakest in the parallel between "other candy bars" and "other Europeans." There is a syntactical balance, but not a commonsensical one. "More Austrovians killed Scandemians than any other Europeans" could mean either "More Austrovians than any other Europeans killed Scandemians" or "More Austrovians killed Scandemians than killed any other Europeans." In the case of the candy bars, that choice is lacking.

Good writing is not necessarily grammatical, and grammatical writing is not necessarily good. While neither of the "More kids eat Mars" statements could be offered as an example of particularly good writing, I, for one, think that the dropping of the second *eat* is an acceptable ellipsis and that the less grammatically precise sentence is, considering its purpose, the more appropriate.

I admire Mr. Littler's devotion to grammatical precision, but I think his target is unworthy of his prodigious tenacity. □

"Let's face it, Sarah, over-analyzing the basis of our relationship is the foundation of our relationship!"

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MOVING TO CLEVELAND? Suburban living, superior schools, near universities, attractive integrated neighborhoods. Shaker Heights Housing Office, 3380 Lee Road, Shaker Heights, Ohio 44120. (216) 751-2155.

SUMMER RENTALS

SECLUDED COTTAGES ON MAINE LAKE, PERRY. Fresh and salt water fishing. $175.00 weekly. Alice Otis, Quogue, N.Y. 11959. (516) 653-4186.

MAINE COAST NEAR BAR HARBOR. Private beach, cherished cottage sleeps four. $170.00 weekly. June-July. (717) 392-7625.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD 40 secluded acres, ten-acre pond, canoe, 4 bedrooms, 2½ baths, 2 fireplaces, dishwasher, superb beach rights, June-September. SR Box 1082.

VERMONT, NORTHEAST KINGDOM. Landmark lake. Perfect cottage, 3 bedrooms, 1½ baths. Boat. 3 to 6 weeks. $125. week. Reference SR Box 2018.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

FOR RENT

ITHACA, N.Y. Walk to Cornell campus for lectures, concerts. Fairview Heights . . . a new environment for living designed by Marcel Breuer. Write to Fairview Associates, 100 Fairview Square, Ithaca, N.Y., or call Mr. Sullivan, (607) AR 2-3420.

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CANADIAN ACRES for recreation, retirement, investment. $10.00 down gives immediate possession. $20.00 monthly. Total prices $1700.00. CANADIAN LAKESHORE ESTATES, Dept. SR, 16 Bath Road, Kingston, Ontario, K7L 1H4.

$3.50 ACRE! USA and Canada. Lists, photographs mailed. Government Lands, 421-S Center, Lewiston, N.Y. 14092.

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OVERSEAS EMPLOYMENT . . . **Europe, Australia, South America, Asia! All occupations! $700.00-$4,000.00 monthly! Employment International, Box 217-MV, Cumberland, Ind. 46229.**

OVERSEAS—ALL OCCUPATIONS! Worldwide directory and complete information—$2.00. Opportunities. Box 6586-MV, Washington, D.C. 20009.

AUSTRALIA—NEW ZEALAND WANT YOU!!! 50,000 jobs! Paid transportation! Latest information and forms. $1.00. Austco, Box 3623-W, Long Beach, Calif. 90803.

EMPLOYMENT!!! U.S.!! Foreign! Skilled, Unskilled, Equal Opportunity. All Fields. Directory, Application, Resume Instructions $3.00. National Information, Department 201, 422 Washington Building, Washington, D.C. 20005.

COUNSELORS—Maine girls' camp. Specialists, all areas. Age—20+. SR Box 1078.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

TEACHERS—ADMINISTRATORS. Current school, college openings list in U.S. $5.95; abroad $5.95. Leading placement sources U.S. $3.95; foreign $4.95. EIS, Box 662, Newton, Mass. 02162.

WORK OVERSEAS. Australia, Africa, South America, Europe, etc. Construction, Sales, Engineers, Clerical, etc. $8000-$50,000+. Expenses paid. For employment information write: Overseas Employment, Box 1011-J, Boston, Mass. 02103.

LEADERS NEEDED for summer bicycle-camping trips for teenagers. Our trips provide unique structure for working with kids. Applicants must be 21 or older. Write or call Student Hosteling Program of New England, Rochester, Vt. 05767. (802) 767-3297.

BOOMING MIDDLE EAST Jobs!!! $800-$5000 Monthly! All Occupations! Free Transportation! Directory/Forms $2.00. Worldwide, Box 948-M, Long Beach, Calif. 90801.

TEACHERS—ADMINISTRATORS! National Referral Service (members only) for elementary and secondary positions. Membership limited to .00005 of your state's population. Enclose $10.00 application fee (refundable if membership full) for information, application and membership priority. Or, enclose $1.00 for information only (we cannot facilitate requests by telephone or in person). TEACHER PLACEMENT AND RECRUITMENT, 65 Marion, Seattle, Wash. 98104.

VOLUNTEER PEACE CORPS. Degreed volunteers in Math, Biology, Chemistry, Physics. Teaching experience, 2 years French useful. Transportation, living, medical expenses paid. Singles or couples only. U.S. Citizens. Information: Lynn Rotenberg, ACTION, ORC Box P-11, Washington, D.C. 20525.

MOTHER'S HELPER—Teacher/student, one child. Part-time, opportunity for study—live in. Mid-August '76 through June '77. Board, room, salary. Boston area. SR Box 718.

PHYSICIAN (New Jersey License) needed for 2 week periods at Arts & Music Summer Camp 1976. Write Appel Farm, Elmer, N.J. 08318 or phone (609) 358-2472.

COUNSELORS: String bass, harp, pipe organ players; technical theatre people (light, sound, costumes, electrician); video and electronics specialists; ballet; drama & creative dramatics. Non-smokers over 21 for childrens' summer camp. APPEL FARM, Elmer 16, N.J. 08318.

NEW YORK COMMUTING RANGE Bunyan seeks, for household mini-farm, person friendly to dogs, cooking, eating. Room for spouse, also. SR Box 1093.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

INTERESTED IN OWNING A FRANCHISE?—business of your own, or full- or part-time money-making opportunities? Find out what's available. Send name for FREE 5-month subscription to Salesman's Opportunity Magazine, Dept. 593, 1469 Hancock Center, Chicago 60611.

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BUSINESS EXECUTIVE 7 years experience, 4 years Retail Management, 1 year Sales Administration, and 2 years Sales. SR Box 2007.

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Double-Crostic No. 94

by Thomas H. Middleton

| | | |

The International "Vacation Blunder" Test.

The makers of the DC-9 and DC-10 offer this test to make your next vacation run smoothly. Millions of vacationers make blunders like these and react to them in various ways. What would **you** do?

1. You try checking into your hotel and there's a sign warning you "positively no pets in your room." What do you do? (Check one.) You...

☐ turn around and head for home
☐ reserve a separate room for your cat
☐ call the humane society
☐ wish you'd called your travel agent first

2. You discover your airplane seat is too narrow for comfort. So you...

☐ go on the latest fad diet
☐ wish you'd called your travel agent first
☐ spread out in the aisle
☐ write the seat manufacturer

3. Your whole family arrives at that fabulous resort, and it doesn't allow children. You...

☐ wish you'd called your travel agent first
☐ send the kids to camp
☐ smuggle them inside in the suitcases
☐ explain that all five are small adults

4. You arrive late at night and they've left a light burning; it says "No Vacancy." So you...

☐ turn off the sign
☐ sleep on the lawn
☐ take a cab to the next "No Vacancy" sign
☐ wish you'd called your travel agent first

5. You arrive as planned but the desk doesn't know anything about the reservations you made a month ago. You...

☐ sleep right in the lobby
☐ phone your Uncle Conrad
☐ fly 150 miles to the next place
☐ wish you'd called your travel agent first

THE ANSWERS to all questions are the same: "Wish you'd called your travel agent first." Please do call. He or she can arrange a blunderless vacation, including those important airline reservations. Be sure to say, "Book me aboard a DC-9 or DC-10 jet." You'll have a swift, comfortable flight, and, thanks to their remarkable on-time departures rates, you can depend on starting your vacation on schedule.

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DEWAR'S® PROFILES

(Pronounced Do-ers "White Label")

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RAQUEL RAMATI

HOME: New York City

AGE: 34

PROFESSION: Architect/Urban Designer

HOBBIES: Graphic art, tennis, people.

MOST MEMORABLE BOOK: Tolstoy's "Anna Karenina"

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Headed the urban design group which devised a plan to preserve and revitalize New York's Little Italy.

QUOTE: "The built environment is a reflection of our culture. A cityscape reveals where we are at, how we feel about our community and how much we respect ourselves. To an urban designer, a good urban environment is one which gives us a sense of place, joy, and freedom of choice."

PROFILE: Sophisticated. Persuasive. Concerned about how the urban environment affects the people who live in it.

SCOTCH: Dewar's "White Label®"

Authentic. There are more than a thousand ways to blend whiskies in Scotland, but few are authentic enough for Dewar's "White Label." The quality standards established in 1846 have never varied. Into each drop go only the finest whiskies from the Highlands, the Lowlands, the Hebrides.

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